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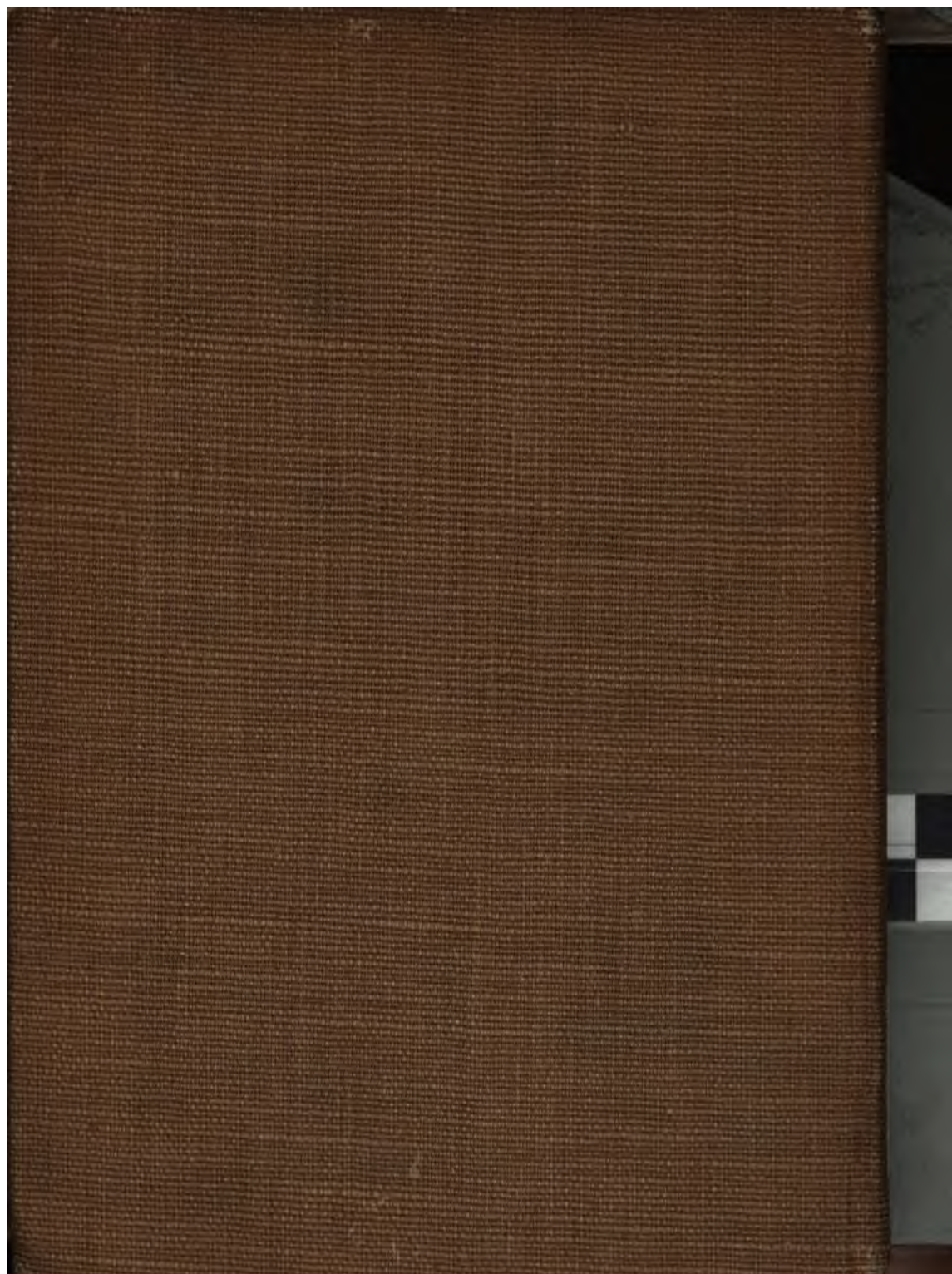
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4/13/17

CITY TYPES



In all sincerity
Marian Bowler

TYPE

AND
ALPHABETIC
WOMAN

THE
WOMAN

THE
WOMAN
PUBLISHERS



In the morning
Wash. D.C.

CITY TYPES

A BOOK OF MONOLOGUES
SKETCHING THE CITY WOMAN

BY
MARIAN BOWLAN



CHICAGO
T. S. DENISON & COMPANY
PUBLISHERS

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1916

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TEENA STARS ON TAG DAY

TEENA STARS ON TAG DAY

CHARACTER:

TEENA TUNESON, *a domestic.*

Teena is disclosed happily moaning a Scandinavian hymn over her evening dishes. Enter confidential friend, Steena.

TEENA speaks:

Hullo, Steena! Ay ban Tag Day! What ist? Listen, Steena! Dis mornin was a sale by Killmans. So, ay ban get toot-ache pain unt Mrs. let me off to go by dentist. Ay ban poot on my bes clothes, unt go on the cars by downtown. Ay skoll be crossin on der Michgan Avnoo when der was Miss Dor'ty unt she grab me by arm. "Oh, Teena," say she.

"Hullo," say ay.

"Oh, Oh, Oh, Teena," unt she yust dance oop unt down. "You're an inspiration. Now you yust stay here unt tag. You hold dis box, don't you see, unt ay'll pin dis pretty white ribbon on you—so!—unt you must get money from everybody who comes by, unt you give them one of dese white things, a tag. Do you see? Der inspector of the block didn't report unt ay have to take her place."

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CITY TYPES

"Sure, Miss Dor'ty. Unt skoll ay get de money?"

"Oh, Oh, Oh, no, Teena! You funny thing! Der nurseries unt—und Schurches unt things get der money."

"De Svenska Schurch?"

"Ye-es, ay suppose they get some of it. Ay must hurry off now. When anybody gives you money, you must say, 'Thank you so much. That's just bully of you.' Mamma would scold me to death if she knew, but ay must have someone at this corner, yust must. Unt you're so unusual!"

Purty soon, one man come by unt ay ban hold out the box, you bat. He go poot a five-cent nickel in unt den he take one look at me, unt fall back a little unt say, "Yupiter! When did the Minnesota excursion get in?"

"Minnesota?" Ay say. "Dat's where my cousin Swansons live. Ban you from Minnesota?"

"No, why go to Saint Paul when you can get this right here?" Unt he look at my hat unt yacket.

Say ay, Teena, "You ban talk such much, better gif me dollar." Unt ay get

TEENA STARS ON TAG DAY

dollar, you bat. Unt ay tell him, "Tank you. It ban yust booly by you."

Nex man, he vhistle. "Where, oh, where did you get that costume? Say ay'm introducing my celebrated breakfast food called 'Swedish toastlets.' Now, as a great stroke of advertising, ay want you to ride around in a Toastlet cart yust as you are, mind you, yust as you are. Oh, it's a beautiful idea!"

"Ay ent ride in no cart no time. Two dollar, please! Tank you so much. It ban yust booly by you."

My, but is was vindy on dat corner place! A hat blow oop by me unt ay pick it oop. Purty soon a man come runnin. "That's my hat," he say.

"Tree dollar, please!" Unt he ban gif me fif dollar bill like ay get every week from Mrs.

"Don't ay get any schange," ask Mr. Man.

Den ay make stoneface unt say, "Ay ent ban speak Englis. Hvor staar til hjennehvorledes gaar det til hvis jeg gjorde det bekjendt tak farvelhuru mar ni tak skal De ha!" unt he go away quick you bat.

It was yust fierce, de questions. One

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yung lady, like Miss Dor'ty, want to buy my clothes. "Ay must have 'em for a masquerade," she say.

Unt me: "Ay ent ban sell my purty dress unt tings,—bought yust one mont ago at Killman's sale."

"You don't mean to tell me such garments can be gotten in Chicago?" Unt she run off to Killmans.

Unt a pitcher man stopped unt took my pitcher for de newspaper. He was werry yolly.

Unt Steena, who you tank was comin down de line but Karl Peterson unt der bumbum, Helga Larson! Crazy Swede, she's yoomped her yob again. Karl he shaked her pretty quick, you bat, unt ask me, vill ay come by his surprise party Sat'day night? I vamoose him off unt say, "You go to Helga!" Dere is plenty sweller boys on Michgan Avnoo as Karl Peterson. One fellow bump into me unt say, "Hello, Stockholm! W-hew! What company are you with? Your press agent's a live one. Now you're my notion of an angel to do all this for charity."

"For charity? Ay ent ban know him. Ay ban vork for Miss Dor'ty."

"Ah, you're a substitute."

TEENA STARS ON TAG DAY

"Ay ent ban nuttin by that kind! You ent skoll call me names. Ay ban over two yar unt got pleeceman frens. See!" Unt dat fellow, he took on yust fierce, you bat.

Purty soon a man try to gif me little yaller round thing in der box. Ay yell, "Dat ban telephone slug unt you ban counterfighter?" Did you tank, Steena, ay was goin to have telephone slug for der Svenska Schurch? Ay grab holt by dat feller unt holler unt holler. But yumpin Yiminies! Miss Dor'ty come runnin oop unt say, "Why, Teena, this gentleman is giving you a five-dollar gold piece."

Oh, ay yust get lots unt lots of money! Unt Miss Dor'ty take it unt laff yust yolly unt say it vas der grandest idea she ever have. Unt she promise to fix it oop wit der Mrs.

Huh? Sure, ay skoll get der pitcher off der newspaper unt send it home to Sweden.

Unt tomorrow, ay ban yust going buy a plaid silk dress unt have to go to dentist again. Den ay yust take my box unt stan on der Michgan Avnoo corner. Ban have a Tag Day for myself!

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**WHY SHOE CLERKS GO
INSANE**

WHY SHOE CLERKS GO INSANE

CHARACTER:

ROSELLE RAMBLER, *a fair shopper.*

SCENE—*A fashionable boot shop.*

Roselle is decidedly an addition to the landscape. Bales of white fur, narrow breadths of satiny white broadcloth, a scrap of a Cossack hat tucked over the ear, an enormous gold link chain-bag figure prominently in her sartorial composite. For the rest, she is a marvelous example of the staying power of the human breath. She trips into a fashionable boot shop.

ROSELLE RAMBLER *speaks:*

(*To floorman.*) Good morning! Will you get some one to wait on me right away, please! I'm in a great hurry. We have always traded at Fellowses. But you send out such pretty calendars and they make such nice presents to give to out-of-town people if you cut the "ad" part off, and I love the way your shop is decorated, this Dresden blue and gold, and if I'm waited on properly this morning, why, I'll tell

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CITY TYPES

Papa—he always trusts my judgment; you see I make a science of shopping—and then you'll get our trade. Yes, indeed, I'm in the worst kind of a rush. He'll wait on me? This middle-aged one? (*Disappointedly.*) Oh, very well!

(*She follows clerk to a seat.*)

Before we begin at all, I want to know what kind of a box you send your shoes in. Yes, that's very important, because I do so hate the smell of an ordinary shoe-box—you can never use them for a picnic or anything without scenting the sandwiches all up—and I think you people ought to put little sachets in each one. I know the cutest way to make perfectly dear little sachets. I'll speak to the owner of the store about it. You have green ones? You do! Oh, boxes. Well, my room is green; so I'll buy a pair of your shoes.

Oh, oh, oh, aren't those Indian mocasins adorable! (*She runs to counter nearby and returns holding moccasins.*)

Now, do you know, at the time of our Kirmess last year, I tramped all over town looking for ones like these! Put them on, please. (*Clerk fits them.*) Aren't they cunning! If they only had French heels,

WHY SHOE CLERKS GO INSANE

they'd be perfect. But I'm sure I don't see how the Indians ever kept them on. Probably they wore spats or something, though.

Oh, no, I don't want to *buy* them! I just wanted to see how they looked. What do I want? Goodness, if I haven't forgotten! Oh, yes, Papa said I must have a pair of good, common-sense boots. Papa didn't say boots. But I think it sounds so English, don't you know. He's absolutely forbidden me to wear pumps in winter. Papa is very unreasonable at times. But I approve of being practical; I'm intensely so myself. What? Ye-us, something on that order, but not *too* thick a sole nor *too* low a heel.

(Looks around interestedly at other customers.)

Those for me? Those great, rough things? Why, they look like miner's shoes. They're the only common-sense, and you're selling lots of them? Well I really don't care; I think it's nice to be odd. Walking shoes? Well, I'm sure I don't want them, for I never walk. There aren't any other kind but dancing slippers and fancy shoes? Oh, speaking of slippers, do you see that woman over

CITY TYPES

there buying ballet slippers? Do you suppose she's a member of the Opera ballet? I'm sure she is, because her hair's dyed. She's bought a dozen pairs in ten minutes? Well, I'm in a great hurry myself. Let me look at something else. Do you think a person ought to wear shoes to match their eyes? (*To herself.*) A most peculiar clerk. He doesn't seem to understand what I want. And he's not a bit interesting.

Blue shoes! Why, what are you bringing me blue shoes for? But I didn't say to match my eyes. I'd look a frump! Marian Evelyn Dalrymple said it, in her column last Sunday. I always read her. I think she's sweet. I think one should always read the newspapers. And I adore the funnies! Do I read "Fool Questions That Some People Ask?" I should say I do. Aren't they killing? Why, why you're choking! You'd better get some water. You'll send another man? Very well.

(Her face brightens as Number 2 approaches.)

I always like to have young men wait on me. They always have so much more intuition. And that other man showed

WHY SHOE CLERKS GO INSANE

me only four or five pairs. Eleven, are there? You'd like to show me all day? (*Giggles.*) Well, it's very nice of you to say that, but I'm easily pleased. Just slip those on, please. You'll have to pull your stool a little closer; my skirt won't stretch any farther. Four? Oh, I've never worn but threes in my life and even they were too big for me. Oh, with my high instep I must take a shoe a trifle too large? I suppose that's true. Oh, while I think of it, could I have a pair of Colonial slippers made and have our D. A. R. silver buckles put on? I want to, because they're very handsome and I think they ought to be used. It's quite a distinction, you know. You have to have a pair of silver shoe buckles that belonged to your ancestors to be a D. A. R. Ours were used in the Revolution and they're almost a century old. U-huh! You-you aren't a Son of the Revolution, yourself, are you? I didn't know. Very good people work in shoe stores sometimes. I remember a magazine story where a shoe-ah, er-salesman turned out to be a prince in disguise. He was dark with a coal-black pompadour, too. And a cousin of one of my sorority sisters, Daisy Green, married one.

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Her family made an awful fuss, but I think it was real romantic. And Daisy's cousin always says her husband is in the leather business. And my brother Jack told me the other day that Thurston Harlow—he's a college friend that Jack brought home last vacation, a divine dancer and absolutely the cutest stick pins I ever saw—is clerking in a shoe shop. Jack's graduated now and we're having a time deciding what he'll go into. I want him to take up airship supplies.

Oh, those are cute! Put them on. And lace both, please. I think one should always inspect a thing thoroughly before one buys. No, I don't care for 'em. They're not shiny enough.

What's that? (*Name of a prominent young actress*) bought a pair of white velvet shoes in here last week? (*Excitedly.*) Show me some. Why didn't you tell me that long ago? Isn't her hair awfully ratty off the stage? What'd she have on? Puh! that doesn't sound very exciting. Those bonnets are decidedly passe now. Aren't most girls perfectly silly over actors and actresses! Now, there's Daisy Green. She goes around telling people they look like stage persons

WHY SHOE CLERKS GO INSANE

and they don't any more than anything. But it always works; Daisy says she's gotten lots of bids to things that way. Oh, have you seen The Lilac Box at the Gaiety? Do you know you are the image of the tenor in white flannels in the third act! He has a coal-black pompadour, too. Oh, aren't those cute? White velvet shoes must be the latest, if (*name of the same actress*) wears them. Better than on her? You do? I've been told my foot was just like Genée's.

Don't you think the chain on that woman over there is preposterously long? You know, I had a love of a one, gun metal set with emeralds, but it got all tangled up on a fat man's ear one day on the street-car and he said such perfectly shocking things! But it served him right because if he'd given me his seat, I wouldn't have been standing up, and the chain wouldn't have—

Will I have the white velvet ones? Well, I don't know. I'm taking up the working girls' strike as one of my charities. Just think, the awful men who own the factories refuse to provide any mirrors for those poor girls.—It's a very worthy cause. I may do picket duty—all the

CITY TYPES

best people in New York did, you know. Do you think white velvet shoes would look well for that? Just the thing?

(To clerk passing by.)

Oh, oh-ah, er, Mr. Salesman! Do show me those carriage shoes you have. Aren't they gorgeous! Just slip one on.

(She rises and goes to inspect carriage shoe in the mirror. On returning she pounces upon some footgear on another seat.)

Oh, aren't those good-looking tennis shoes! I'd buy them only I never play tennis. Oh, yes, I'm intensely athletic. But tennis tumbles one's hair up so, and one's feet look so clumsy. Did you ever see a fat girl—

I'm keeping those other two clerks? Well, I'm sure he can have his carriage shoes; no one is wearing them anyhow.

(With dignity she allows the carriage shoe to be taken off.)

(Confidentially.) Did you ever see anything like the way those women are glaring at me? I'm sure I don't care. I'm a student of character. They want to be waited on? Those tennis shoes I

WHY SHOE CLERKS GO INSANE

picked up belong to one of them? Well, my goodness, how was I to know!

(Gingerly restores tennis shoes.)

Yes, I'll take the white velvets. And will they be out today? Then please put a special on them. Because if I wear my white chiffon with marabou trimmings, I'll want those shoes. But if I decide on my crushed strawberry satin—What? Charge, yes! Oh, no, we have no account here. *(Opens purse.)*

Why, the idea! I forgot. I spent the money Papa gave me for the common-sense boots to buy matinee tickets for this afternoon, and *(looking at the clock)* I'll just have time to make it. That's why I've been in such a hurry. You'll just have to take back those white velvets. I'll come in again when I have plenty of time.

(To cashier.) Who is that nice looking young man who waited on me? Don't you suppose he's a nobleman incognito? W-h-a-t? An ex-barber! *(She staggers out.)*

**POPULAR MUSIC HATH
CHARMS**

POPULAR MUSIC HATH CHARMS

CHARACTER:

MISS EUTERPE McGRATH, *the Hero-een, a seasoned seller.*

SCENE—*The music counter of a large department store.*

The Hero-een, dressed and coiffed with extreme exaggeration, breezes in. She slides her pencil between her ear and hair with professional deftness, slams her sales-book on the counter and sails in:

(To cash girl) Mornin', Rosie! S-a-y, the disorder on this here mew-sic counter is somethin' fierce! It's a disgrace to the store. Looks somethin' like my room when I lights out to a dance.

Oh, good mornin'! You're the new girl? *(Looks her up and down)* Pleased-tomeetyu! *(extends her hand on a level with her shoulder)* What's the name? An-nette? That's a sweet name. Cute waist yu got on, too!

Have some chicle! Rosie? *(Hands stick of gum to cash girl)* Nothin' like a good wad o' chicle *(energetically straight-*

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CITY TYPES

ening sheet music on counter) for a rush Sat'day, I allus say.

Well, now girly, the way to get along here at this mew-sic section is, If yu haven't got what they ask for, sell 'em *somethin'*! Never let 'em call your bluff, always show 'em somethin' else, and—string 'em! Fer instance, yes'erday a man wanted The Crimson Rambler. We didn't have it, but I sold him the The Trailin' Vine. A feller come along and says, "Have you got If I Could Dream A Thousand Years?"

"No," says I. "Yours is The Insomnia Rag."

Another guy holds up his hand and says, "You'll Want Me Back!"

"Nope," says I, "all out! You need Symp'thy."

And he took twelve copies. That's the way to work it. Yugotta be some judge o' character in the mew-sic business. Now watch me fix this gink! (*advances to meet customer*).

An-nette, you see to that gen'lman there.

(*To customer*) Haveyubinwai-tedon? What's that? Have we got what Solitude? Ma-Massenet's Solitude? Not just that

POPULAR MUSIC HATH CHARMS

partic'lar thing, but here's O'Brien Stood
Up All Alone—turrible pop'lar—played
ever'wheres!

(*To ANNETTE*) What's he want girlie?
The Night Hath A Thousand Eyes?
(*shakes head decisively*) Never heard of
it! Give him Goo-Goo Land!

Haveyubinwai-tedon? A-a Barcarolle?
What kind of a roll? We got The Steam-
boat Roll.

Never Let Your Cove Meet Your
Lady Fren'? Now, ain't that a shame!
We're all out o' that. Try The Explo-
sion Rag! It's just as excitin'!

(*To ANNETTE*) What's the gen'lman
wish, girlie? Brahms, Oh, Rest Thy
Cheek Against Mine Own? Oh, he wants
I Wonder Who's Spoonin' Her Now.

What's that, Madame? It's your hus-
bin's birthday, and yu want a appro'prite
piece for the occasion? Um-um! Say,
how long yu been married? Ten years?
Oh, I got just the thing for you! Put on
Your Slippers You're In For The Night!

(*To ANNETTE*) Things was flyin' for
a minute there. They come in bunches
like that. Longabout nine thirty, the
crowds'll begin, and they'll stan' around
and stan' around—hones', some o' them

CITY TYPES

fellers—in the same spot till closin' time! Flirt? Oh, custard! Say, if it wasn't that I was so true to Joe, my gen'lman fren' that works for the Gas Comp'ny and that I threw over Dan Connors in the hardware for, why, say, I'd have to keep a privut secretary to write down mu dates.

Pretty soon, I'll begin demonstratin'. Oh, ya-ah, playin' and singin' both! Then you know I'm a o-riginal composer, too. (*In attitude of intensity*) Lot's o' people know the inside story o' Why Don't Yu Spend Somethin' Else Besides Your Time. You know that song? That song is my song, *An-nette*; I wrote it. Gee, kid, ever' time I think o' that steal and the Supreme Court asittin' and not doin' a thing about it—!

Some day, though, my things are goin' to make a big hit. And then I'll buy Ma a set o' new furn'chure and a washin' machine. It'd save her a lot, one o' them washin' machines would. And then Ma can have her operation. She's crazy for a operation. No, she don't need it at all, but ever' other lady in her sodality has had one and Ma's set her heart on a operation.

Ya-ah, there's Ma and *Mu-ree* and yours truly at our fambly board. *Mu-*

POPULAR MUSIC HATH CHARMS

ree's a cloak muddel. And that girl does wear her clothes stunnin'! Don't she, Rosie? Yu bet she does! Yu oughta see her goin' out to church on Sunday mornin'—a ready made tailor suit, a bunch o' vi'-lets and she's got ever' dame on the boulevard shaded! Oh, it's not that *Mu-ree's* mu sister 'cause we do have scraps enough, believe me,—but ever'body says she's a poifect muddel—34 by 42 by 24—which is the poifect measurements of the human form.

(*Advancing to customer.*) I Hope It Doesn't Rain On Sunday? Right here! Here's a nifty little num'er goin' to be turrible pop'lar—Cutie, Who Tied Your Tie and It's The Pretty Things You Say. What's that? No, I wasn't meanin' to be pois'nal that I know of. Ya-ah, I'm busy Sunday and ever' other day in the week, holidays included! (*To ANNETTE.*) Fresh guy! They better not get near with me.

(*To little cash girl.*) Head achin', Rosie? Not today? Well, what's hurtin' you then? You're cryin', Rosie. Come on and tell me. 'Cause you didn't get a dimunt ring this mornin'? (*staggers*) Say, kid, you don't want much! It's your

CITY TYPES

birthday and yu'd allus dreamt yu'd get a dimunt ring on your fifteenth birthday? Well, I know, Rosie, we dream lots o' things—lots of us—but we don't get 'em, lots of us. Here's a half a dollar, Rosie, for your birthday. Run out and buy yourself somethin' with it at lunch hour, do yu hear? And give me a kiss! You're a sweet little thing, Rosie! And now dry those tears, for some day you may grow up to be a saleslady like mu!

Have we got any prohibition mew-sic? Why, ya-ah! Here's You'll Never Miss The Water Till The Well Runs Dry.

Haveyu heard the piece we're featurin' today? Borno Rag, an O-riental Pas-time! Some num'er that!

Haveyubinwai-tedon? How's that? You're a interne in a hospital and yu was lookin' for somethin' to play when off duty? I got just the thing for you. The Epidemic Rag! It's a knockout.

Star O' The Night—23c with tradin' stamps! Hou-se or fla-at?

Kosher Meat Rag? Ya-ah, the lates' thing in the Ghetto! Goes swell with lentil soup! And here's Goodbye, Beckie Cohen for a encore. If yu live in a mixed neighborhood, here's a appropriate little

POPULAR MUSIC HATH CHARMS

num'er, It's Tough When Izzie Rubenstein Loves Genevieve Malone. C-a-s-h or c-h-a-r-g-e?

Say, *An-nette*, if I don't annex one o' them new style hats like that girl lookin' at banjo strings over there is sportin', I'm goin' to choke. *Mu-ree* says that Miss Cafferty—that's their lady buyer in the cloaks and suits, just got back from Noo York—Miss Cafferty says that they don't wear nothin' else in Gotham, meanin' Noo York. Say, kid, if I ever see Noo York, I'll die at the depot.

What was it you was lookin' for? Well, we got some crack s'lections for the saxaphone with snare drum obligato. Here's a good thing—makes a awful hit with the men—Call Off That Lohengrin March.

'Mgoin' to demonstrate now, *An-nette*. Later I'll feature Oh, Mr. Payment Man, Leave Me My Piano Grand.

(Goes to piano and renders soulfully and with volume "This Loving Heart Adores You; Don't Dast To Say Farewell." A commotion arises in the hardware when she has shrilled only a few lines. Note: Instead of giving this description the reader may go to the piano and sing some popular sentimental song.)

CITY TYPES

How can a lady perform with a boiler factory act like that around her? *Annette*, skip to the head floorman and have that throttled.

(Again she attacks This Loving Heart to be again drowned out. She whirls around on the piano stool.)

If that racket can't be stopped, the fire axes should be swung.

(For the third time she hits the keys and raises her voice savagely. Finally the opposition from the hardware becomes deafening and she ends in a wrathful minor crash.)

Say, can you beat it? *(In tragedy queen attitude.)* You hear the way them ginks in the hardware roined mu song with their *(sarcastically)* ice cream freezer demonstration? Well, and yuknow who's responsible for that? Dan Connors. And yu know what's hurtin' him? jaundiced love! Oh, because I threw him over for Joe, my gen'lman fren' that I'm keepin' comp'ny with now. Guess I'd rather go with a gas man than a hardware clerk any day. Pretty soon Dan begins to act like a cheese. I gets a anonymous letter signed Lovie Joe and sayin' "Would he let the gas meter?" Thinks he's smart! And

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tellin' how Joe kep' company with a young lady in South Chicago for four years—all o' which was lies!—till one day Joe meets this castoff gink at closin' time and giv him such a whippin' that he ceased his vill'nous pers'cutions 'cept for this ice cream freezer trick. I uset could always drown him out with Love Mu And I'll Own The Universe until he told Miss Waiver, the jelly demonstrator, it was brazen the way I was bawlin' out that song to him. Ain't that the human limit?

Sure, you can get waited on. What was it yu was lookin' for? By The Dear Old River Rhine? Well, we ain't got that part'clar thing, but here's somethin' along them same lines. Shannon Water! Insult? Why, nothin' of the kind! Well, how did I know you was Goiman? Oh, if yu want to get sore because I was trying to broaden your musical tastes, yu can!

You want somethin' in rural songs? Here's The Ruben Glide and How Did The Cows Get Out. Yu can smell the hay in that cho-rus.

What's that, girlie? Will I give you somethin' real romantic? Sure, I will. If I Had A Thousand Hearts To Break, I'd

CITY TYPES

Break 'Em All For You. Some smashup, there!

Say, *An*-nette, us Twilight Girls—that's a club o' select young ladies I'm a member of—is goin' to have a silk stockin' shower for Della O'Gorman. Some class to the silk hose, ain't there? But lisle thread 'ull pass. Ya-ah, and we're goin' to hold our annual reception and ball purty soon. I got the tickets all made out. (*Shows card*) U-huh, it's goin' to be at the Refect'ry. Yu want to be sure and come and bring your reg'lar Wednesday nighter. (*Reads*).

Gent's Hat Check, 25c.

Autos at 1 sharp.

(*Nudging ANNETTE.*) Get on to the "autos at 1 sharp."

Say, *An*-nette, have yu got a secret flame? There's a girl named Clareece in the raincoats that tells forchunes somethin' grand. She'll tell yu whether he's dark or light and if he's false or true. She knows ever'thing, Cla-reece does. Why, she says to me, I see a man in your fuchure. He is big and pow'rful. And that's Joe. He is big and pow'rful, wears a 18 collar. You oughta see him—knocked ever'body out at the Gas Com-

POPULAR MUSIC HATH CHARMS

p'ny's picnic last summer—simply bent 'em.

You was lookin' for somethin' from a grand opera, La Traviata? The name o' the piece is Down Mobile? Never heard of it! And I do all the buyin' for this here department and am considered a author'ty on pop'lar mew-sic.

Have we got the Etude In A Flat? No, but here's The Piano Upstairs in Any Old Flat.

Say, *An-nette*, it's prett' near closin' time! I gotta get ready for mu las' grand spiel. (*Holds up each sheet of music as she calls out its name.*) Half dozen hits of the season—Texas Timmy Hip, Hygia Rag, Sugar Pills, Stop, Stop, Stop, Bull Rushes and The Whole Rag Bag.

Oh, gosh, *An-nette*, there goes the bell! Run for your locker. Where's my hand-bag? 'Night, Rosie!

(*Exits with a scurry.*)

I got a dance on this evenin'—

**SIGHS OF A SOCIETY
EDITOR**

SIGHS OF A SOCIETY EDITOR

CHARACTER:

SOCIETY EDITOR of the "*Morning Blade*."

SCENE—Interior of the "*Morning Blade*" office.

The SOCIETY EDITOR makes her late morning bow in the office.

(To office boy as she peels off gloves.)

Good morning, Boetius! 'Morning, everybody!

(She manages to clear a space for her hat on a desk as cluttered as a corner lot and holds up a sheet of memorandum.)

All these people have telephoned already, Boetius? And *(scanning clock)* it isn't one o'clock yet. Who took this one marked "For heaven sake, call Outinthewoods 77000, important! imperative! Party has rung five times since nine o'clock." The cartoonist?

(Excitedly.) Perhaps it's Mrs. Leademoff's secretary. She's been staying at some queer place out there while Mrs. Leademoff's in Europe. She promised to give me the first tip on the date of Mrs. L.'s return.

(At the telephone.) Outside line,

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please! Outinthewoods 77000! No, 77000! Outinthewoods 77000? This is the society editor of the *Morning Blade*. Is Mrs. Leademoff's secretary there? You don't know her? You wanted me to call you back to tell me I made a perfectly terrible mistake in this morning's society column? (*Freezing up.*) Oh, I did! I said that you had your luncheon—well, who is this speaking?—the president of the Trita Bea Sporta high school sorority—and I said you gave your tea in the pink room of Wanamaker's and that was a most dreadful mistake? It was in the canary room, was it; and the girls just felt awful about it because that old Creama Puffa Pie had theirs at the very same time, just for spite, in the rose room; and those Creamas never give a thing but peanut sandwiches at their spreads while you serve whipped cream salad twice a year? (*With uttermost impressiveness.*) My dear little girl, your insignificant little party is very lucky to get into my column at all.

Good morning, Mr. Bob Gloom, creator of the Terrible Twins! What have you for me now, Bob? A balled-up description of ball gowns? You don't say you've

been getting some more of my telephone stuff? The dame raved in a fever because her gown had been written up as Nile green when it was really turquoise blue? And it was so good you wrote it down? Let me see!

(*Reading.*) "I wore that Nile thing all last year and my sister-in-law makes catty remarks about it. Well, I bought this new gown and here my sister-in-law had to get sick in bed and couldn't go to the party. She sees your description in the paper and isn't hep yet that I have a new dress. If you knew my sister-in-law, you'd appreciate how I feel. Furthermore, you said Mrs. Marvel's gown was trimmed with point de Venise. Do you know where Mattie Marvel got that stuff on her dress? Her Aunt Mary in Kansas made it from a mail order pattern. It's tatting."

Why, what's this? I see a note signed with our owner's initials. You know, Mr. Killin, our owner has opinions about society columns as they are and shouldn't be. He's high on the invitation list of the F. F. A.'s. I beg pardon? Oh, First Families of America! He encloses a clipping and writes on it one word, "Singular".

CITY TYPES

(She reads clipping and shoots up her hands in stage business of the Greek drama.) Now, who is responsible for this? If that red-headed compositor who makes West Side politics a side line has been fooling with my page again, either he or I will leave this paper. Disgusting! *(Reads.)* "The groom is running for coroner and every guest at the ceremony announced their intention of plugging votes for him. The bride's father is well known in the sausage casing business." How can you laugh, Bob Gloom? If you think "hot dogs," as you say, are funny in a social chronicle that attempts to be dignified, I can't see it. It's tragedy.

Will I ever wade through the mail? *(Opening letter and reading.)* "List of newly elected officers of Boiler Makers' Association chosen at meeting in Blacksmith Hall, Gary." *(Snipping another envelope and declaiming.)* "Is it good form to ask the woman across the hall whose hair is dyed and has never called on you to button your dress?" *(Holding out letter.)* Boetius, take this answer: "No, wear a wrap!"

(Doubling over another letter.) Please, please, everybody come and hear this!

SIGHS OF A SOCIETY EDITOR

(*Reading.*) "My father is a conductor on the 'Q'. Can I have a train on my wedding gown? My fiance's brother says it would be too symbolical. Is he mistaken? Also, should Pa wear his uniform? Nance"

My ring again? (*Sighing and reaching for telephone.*) Yes, this is she. You're—you're who? Of Lake Forest? Oh, and who did you say? You can't give your name?

(*Signalling and "histing" wildly to the others.*) No noise in the office, please! This is a most important call from (*impressively*) Lake Forest.

(*Resuming at transmitter in highest society voice.*) Yes, Miss Ah-er, is there anything I can do for you? You're going to Mrs. McLarmie's bal masque and wish to ask me about the disguises of some of your friends, if I'll promise never, never to breathe that you called? And you'll tell me about a dinner for the minister from Afghanistan? Oh, surely, I have a list of some of the costumes and I'll gladly let you know. Some of the young men, I suppose?

Well (*reaching for list*) the Chance boys are going as cinders. It is clever of

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them. Orvie Brownell will be a rubber Kewpie doll. That youngest son of Mrs. Harward-Maxwell will have a French cook's costume. I beg pardon? Do I happen to know Howard Dunlop's disguise? Did you say Howie Dunlop? You giggled so I wasn't sure. Yes, I have him somewhere. Um-um! (*looking over list*) Oh, he's going as a bootblack! (*Aside.*) His grandfather used to be one. (*At transmitter.*) Yes, isn't it just too original of him? He's so dark; he'll look splendid. (*Aside.*) Won't have to make up much; he's the homeliest man in society. (*At telephone.*) Oh, no, indeed, I'll never betray to a living soul that you called me up on this or ever uttered Howie Dunlop's name. My, no! (*Aside and winking.*) And she thinks I don't know who she is. (*At 'phone.*) Now, if you'll tell me about the dinner—(*writing rapidly*). She's giving it Tuesday, you say? How many? Is she doing any other entertaining? Thank you very much. No, I wouldn't breathe this to my twin sister nor to none of the other debutantes nor Mr. Dunlop himself, I assure you. Goodbye!

And she thinks I don't know who she is! Gladys Trent Jones has been per-

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fectly crazy about Howie Dunlop ever since the season began. Everybody's on to it. Well, I've scooped that Trainor woman on the *Daily Bayonet* on this dinner anyway.

(*Reading.*) "Mrs. Mose Goldberg, 1422 W. Fourteenth street, has went to Egypt, Ill., to visit her sister-in-law, Mrs. Solly Seltzer. She is having a fine time and a good rest. Use this every day this week and Sunday and next week if you want to, and we'll buy ten copies of your valuable paper, postpaid. M. Goldberg & Sons. Stars and Stripes Retail Clothing Store."

(*At mail again.*) The impertinence of these people who keep writing in to me: "for heaven's sake, they're so tired of seeing that picture of Beatrice Bain and the garden seat in my column and please not to do it again." I've used her only twice this week. I'd like to know what they'd do if they ran short of a picture ten minutes before their stuff had to be in. And that cut of Beatrice Bain always looks well, if her mother is a rank climber.

What's this the city editor has wished onto me? (*Reading from letter.*) "I

CITY TYPES

want you should print this pitcher in tomorrow social notes sure. It is my Gussie & his grajewaiting class. Cross indicates Gussie, he got first prize at the Barbers Finishing School for shaving ten venrable men with whiskers in 4 minutes each never changin' razors. Will buy the paper to see. Tomorrow sure!"

(She jumps as telephone rings again and reaches for it with a groan.) How can a lonely young man in the city establish himself socially? Why-a-*(vaguely)* join a church! A fellow where you work is going to take you to a dance of the Woodmen Saturday night and you was wonderin' whether to wear a chrysanthemum in your buttonhole? You might, if they'll let you in, but I'd write to the joke editor about that. No, suspenders are not used with a dress suit, though you may if you want to; it's always safer.

(Answering telephone in hardly audible voice.) Hello! *(In imitation of the strident tones of a Jewish girl.)* Listen? I'm listening. A surprise party on Sadie Sammons tomorrow night and you want me to write a piece about it in the morn-

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ing? Well, if I do, will Sadie be surprised?

(*Crushing another entry.*) I refuse to use the Waiters' Association Cotillon.

But there's one consolation this miserable day. I have a perfectly handsome picture of the younger daughter of one of our most prominent families—she isn't out yet—that will make the pages of all the other women tomorrow look like medicine "ads" in the village almanac. (*Holding up photograph.*) Isn't she lovely? Um! and never been used before! I'd close my desk and go home if it weren't for this picture. (*Glancing at clock.*) It's mighty near time to hand it in, and I've got almost no copy yet. I'll have to call Chase McEvers for some news. Bless that popular and generous bachelor; I couldn't get out my column without him. Let's see; it's Harrison—Oh, that telephone again! (*frowning*). It pesters the senses out of me. Hello! This is who? Oh-h (*changing quickly to high society voice*), Mr. McEvers? Why, how peculiar! (*sweetly*) I was just going to call you, Mr. McEvers. You're—you're wondering about what? Why—why, I don't know what you mean.

CITY TYPES

You were given a wife? Just a minute until I reach for the paper to see. The account of Mrs. LaSalle's dinner-dance at the Rumley? But I didn't cover that. It was decided not to in the office. The guests' names were used in my column just the same and it said Mr. and Mrs. Chase McEvers and has been embarrassing you all day? Everybody been trying to get your wire? But Mr. McEvers, wait a minute until I search my page—you can't wait? Then, I'll call you back. (*banging up receiver.*)

Quick! Give me this morning's, quick! Of course there's none on my desk! It's a funny thing if I can't have a couple of copies of my own paper—I—I—Oh! (*clapping her hand to head and snatching paper thrust at her.*) Too (*with a wild scream*) true! Who—who (*clenching fist*) is responsible for this? Who dared stick anything at all, much less such a blunder as this under my signature after I went home?

You? You? (*Pointing wildly.*) You're from the city room, aren't you? You heard Mr. Swift and I talking over the LaSalle ball for an hour before I went

home last evening and you heard him say it didn't need covering. And you saw me hand in my stuff. Now, didn't you? And here this—this (*striking the paper*) without my knowledge or consent—what's that? Swift decided we ought to have something on it in a couple of hours? and he sent—he sent (*her voice rises to a shrill crescendo*)—a man from the sporting room? Whom did you say? O'Neill? (*With a scream*) O'Neill who makes a specialty of prize fights and stock shows? And (*dazedly and slowly*) they let him cover the most exclusive party of the best people in Chicago? And (*increasing in power*) they printed his stuff and he gave a wife to Chase McEvers, perhaps the best known bachelor in American society and worse than that! (*scanning paper again*)—he didn't get time to tell me this—it reads: “Among the gayest of the dancers were Foster D. Adams and wife.” Foster Adams died not five months ago and Mr. McEvers' sister, his widow, is in deepest mourning and retirement and here (*wailing*) this! (*She chokes and collapses, lying limply against the back of the chair*)

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until aroused by presence of the office boy.)

Oh, boy! Have you brought *The Evening Razor*? Let's see what they've got in Society. (*Opening paper.*) Dead as usual, I suppose! (*Instantly she crumples into attitude of tragedy.*) The last blow! That old *Razor* has used my wonderful "scoop" picture for tomorrow.

(*Starting up with a wild stare.*) What's that? They're howling for my picture in the engraving room? Tell the makeup man (*sobbing*) I haven't any picture. Says he's got to run one? Long on space tomorrow? Here, tell him to use this stock cut of Beatrice Bain.

Boetius, call Milwaukee and get Schiller 1034 there.

(*She sits with her head in her hands on the desk until aroused.*)

You've got 'em? Hello! Is this Dr. Nevers Nerve Sanitarium? Well, you make a specialty of ladies' tailors, baby photographers and society editors, don't you? You do? You've got five society editors booked for next week? I see how much good that will do me. We'll spend

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our rest cure talking shop. But—yes, I'll join the girls. Make my reservations; I'll get the next train. Boetius, lock my desk and call a taxi—a well padded one!

**THE KNIGHT AT THE
PORTAL**

THE KNIGHT AT THE PORTAL

CHARACTER:

STAGE DOORTENDER of the *Burbage Theater*.

TIME: *Ten o'clock on Monday morning of the auspicious engagement of the Modern Players' Company.*

SCENE—*That dingy place called the Stage Entrance. A stream of movers come and go carrying all manner of properties, thrones, artificial potted palms, rustic seats, tree stumps, candelabra, bunches of paper flowers, etc. Confusion in motion and sound is everywhere. The hammers of the carpenters pound, and the saws buzz; the scenes being shifted into place make dull thuds. The Knight at the Portal sits at a small table stacked with miscellanies, from a sample jar of cold cream to be tried by the leading lady, to a miscellaneous bundle of electric bulbs and wire. Above him is the call-board and at his right hand the mail rack, crammed to bursting. He wears the regulation soft hat, has his lodge button in his coat lapel, and carries the inevitable Shillalah.*

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THE STAGE DOORTENDER *expresses a few opinions.*

No, there'll be no carryin' in bookeys to drissin' rooms from behint tonight, star or no star. 'Twould make no diff'rince if 'twas for me good frind these ma-any years, Mary Mulligan, the scrub laydy, and there's no wan I'd rather see gittin' bookeys, for 'tis useful work she does with no indless blather of high art. Orchards, ye say? Orchards, indade! It makes no diff'rince. There'll be no cartin' to drissin' rooms from Johns this night. Thim's orders. Why don't yez be handin' thim over the footlights jurin' the pirformance? Ye'll not be seen sindin' flowers to play actors in public?

What's that? Miss Merriton used to board wit yer mother a long time ago and hilped you and her whin you was a little lad? Well, we'll see about it. You be here this night at eight wit yer orchards and I'll have thim sint up this wance.

Good mornin' Mither Inquirer! How's the newspaper business the wake? Shure, the Times man didn't bate ye to it, nor the Blade, nayther. And what would I do to be passin' information to thim whin

THE KNIGHT AT THE PORTAL

they give but a half column to Tay Pay O'Connor jurin' his last gloryus visit to our city, whilst your payper is happy to print a full page about him.

What's the deliv'ry, b'y? For Macbeth tonight, Mr. Sothron's wig from Maisong de Paree? You don't say! Sure, I'll sign.

No, this is not the Idmund Kean; 'tis the Burbage theeater, and "we don't belong to the trust." Put that in yer pipe and be off.

'Tis such fool quistions as that last, Mr. Inquirer, as is spylin' me disposition entirely. Did ye iver hear such a racket! Tim Dutch scene shifters is the clumsy Omothons.

Super lady, Miss? What? Well, if ye're mindin' to supe, go acrost the stage to Mrs. Dalley, the wardrobe mistress, and keep a eye out that the scenery don't murder ye.

Sure, that's the fifty-third since nine o'clock and they want but twinty lady supers. Well, Dalley can handle thim all right. She handles ivrybody around this theeater but mesilf. There was tin of thim girls waitin' whin I come down this

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mornin'. A nice, well-spoken little thing wan of 'em was, of the name Kelly and livin' in me parish. It was up to me to lead her to the Dalley whin she come flouncin' in. Wan young woman come down in wan of these swell ottermobiles wit glass winders to the sides. She runs up all flustered like, and says, "Oh, Misther Doorman, do let me in before annywan sees me. I want to supe, oh, iver so much, so I wish to see Miss Merriton about it. I know she's real swate, if she's annything like her pitchers. And, oh, Misther Doorman, if *Mama* comes after me, you won't let her in, will you? And don't tell her I'm here. I wouldn't have the family know for annything!"

Yis, have me mail all sorted, and the drissin' room list tacked up! There's not half enuff drissin' rooms to go around, and 'tis the lively shindy the players'll be havin' whin they arrive.

Have I mit the young manager? Yis, I have thot. And an inirgitic, hustlin' lad he is—down here only a few minutes after mesilf bright and airly this mornin'—and no airs to him at all. "How'rye, Colonel," says he, wit his hand to his hat, and he slips

THE KNIGHT AT THE PORTAL

me a bill like the gintleman he is. They do say his Ma's got lots of money, and him a colledge gradjuate. 'Tis illyvatin' the drama, he's gone in for. Sure, perhaps these colledges ain't so bad afther all.

Tut, tut, here comes the Dalley woman. Ah, is it yersilf, Mrs. Dalley? Would I be doin' a favor for ye? I can't say, Mrs. Dalley, I can't say. What might be the nachure of yer requist? Give this sample to yer daughter whin she comes and tell her to match it in number fifty cotton. A foine urrind to be leavin' a man, the trusted custodjan of the intrance to a—! She's off, is she? Ah, the cruel, triflin' woman thot she is! The sassy daughter'll be along bye and bye, thot's in the chorus at the Regina and her Ma's foriver sayin' she's goin' to be starred nixt season. Starred, indade, the little jade, tho' she can do a Kerry jig as ud make ye think of the old days before ye came out! Is she the wan thot's objectin' to me as a stepfather? I don't know as I iver told ye she's had the chancet. If I'd a mind to inter into matrimony there's plinty of likely laydies in the parish anny day wid-out me makin' foolish over a pert ward-

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robe mistress as don't know her own mind two hours together.

More tillygrams! Me hand aches wit signin'. 'Tis a pity they can't take some of thim to the lazy crachures in the box office widout sindin' thim all to us behint.

Be off wit ye, boy, and don't be starin' onto the stage, for ye'll see nothin' but a little dark space wit a few uncanny bits o' mixed prop'ties and iverybody talkin' at wance, and the stage manager and the mus'cal dirictor and Mike, the house 'lectrician, scrappin' it out.

Watch out for the throne, Misther Inquirer! 'Tis a grand mess they make, bringin' in these properties. 'Tis best for a man to have his life insured whin a new comp'ny is movin' in. Sure, what do ye think they carried in here wan moment ago. An alther, no less, a rale alther! I was thot surprised to see it I crosset mesilf widout thinkin'. 'Tis blasphemous intirely. And in wan play, there's goin' to be nuns, they tell me. Sure, what are we comin' to? They'll be billin' the Archbishop himsilf in vaudeville nixt thing.

Well, lad, 'tis small information I'm givin' you. Are ye off? Ye say ye saw

THE KNIGHT AT THE PORTAL

and interviewed the comp'ny at the train. Yis, they'll be comin' in for rehearsal now; 'tis tin by the clock. 'Twas mesilf ye wanted to talk to? I'm the only nachral thing around here. Ah, lad, ye'll not be writin' annything about me!

Ah, there's nothin' like the show business, nothin' like it! Many's the time I've been lavin' it, but I always come back! And the Burbage is the foinest of thim all, and "we don't belong to the trust" and the Modern Players' Comp'ny is the ivint of the sayson intirely—

But sure 'tis not mesilf'll be breakin' into print!

CHINK! CHINK! CHINEE!

CHINK! CHINK! CHINEE!

CHARACTER:

MISS ROSIE WING, *smiling, dainty daughter of a high caste Chinese family. She stands inside a flowery booth, bizarre with Oriental luxuries and objects of art.*

SCENE—*The September Carnival of Chinatown in San Francisco.*

MISS ROSIE WING *begins timidly:*

Nlicem Sumatra saucer and cup to buy here, klind people, also teapots, velee large, flines' teapots, oldee China ware! Lubalee gleat blig vases we gotem, too, Ming Emperors, velee old and intlesting! (*She pauses to sigh.*) One comee sky blue, silver, gold and appleblossom pink here on teakwood stand so 'andsome!

(*With racial calmness of manner but expressing great joy in face vivid with smiles.*) Miss Jean, you come to Chinatown at last. I been leexpect you one, two weeks since New Lawk letter. (*Curtseying gravely but with girlish excitement.*) Meester Arbell, Misses Arbell, much delight to meet you! Jlust in time see

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Carnival las day, tonight, velee soon, blig flower parade, all automobiles in Chinatown clovered in roses, pinks, Clalifornia poppies, see Royal Dragon, under blig gold canopy, velee wealthy, from Peking, lots young girls and fine ladies all dazzle Chinese costume! People come from all Placific coast. Miss Rosie Wing have gleat honor to be clowned Queen. (*Proudly.*) Mr. Lee Wong she mlake partner. We ride in lilies and chlysanthemums — Wing slix cylinder. How you likem S'lan F'lancisco? You come S'lan F'lancisco see Miss Rosie Wing? (*Embarrassed.*) Veleee klind so to say! Miss Jean she so good to Rosie Wing in convent at Nevada City, never forget, think evely morning prayer of that. To me was come the gleat glace (*bringing hands together in attitude of prayer*) to be made Chlistian. My father so hate all but Chinese gods, he take me away from glood convent. Me unhlappy? Rosie Wing she mos' unhlappy girl! Miss Jean write, go work in Chinatown Mission. She so did. Now Rosie Wing's class havem mos' lil' children come by Chlistian Mission. Mission people say

CHINK! CHINK! CHINEE!

Rosie Wing do saint's work if she go back China. Rosie have much horror in China.

(*Serving trade.*) You lookem at Chinese doll, Meester sir, fine dolly, addressed lika Manchu, real hair pigtail! You likem chlysanthemum, mebbe, pink, yellow, huh? Chinese punk and joss, also, tlaka home! Your Misses lady, she likem those, makem nice smell. Those all stock punk gone. Sister, Miss Annie Wing, she bling some plesently; mebbe, Wong, too, when he come.

Miss Jean, my lil' Annie, she come from China las' year. (*With intense pride.*) Annie Wing, she have Chlistian blaptism since one mon's. (*Fondly.*) Plum blossom, she so velee slweet! Sugar child! She fifteen year now, pletty like new almond flower.

You thinkem Rosie smile at people, she no have tlerrible trouble? Concern my lil' Annie Wing! When she blaptize Chlistian at the Mission, Father, Mother, Ances-tors Wing no know. Then they velee angary and say no have her in house for while. Now, Miss Jean, worsen ttime come. Father Wing want my lil' Annie marry with mans back China, he reech

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rice planter. Oh, klind flen's (*in terror*) he heathen! My lil' Chlistian Annie, heavenly sugar toy, she go back there, she heathen Chinee, too. Rosie no let that be (*with determination*). She no know how lexactly. But someaways, don' you thlink, someaways will come, the dear Christ's sake?

Me? I marry slometime, mebbe. Then blidegloom be—(*Breaking off with a blush. Looking concernedly down the street.*) Thlink Wong must come soon! You conseeder Wong, he veele lucky fellow, Meester Arbell? (*Giggling.*) N-o-w! You say, "Confess and talk about him, Miss Jean"? (*Giggling again.*) Pletty soon, you mleet Meester Wong. Thlen shall see! (*Proudly.*) Wong blig Chinatown plolitician, blegin when veele young. Vlote ten ttimes; makem tlen dollars. Wong veele slick likem Japanee, and lubalee pigeon walker. Wong so nlice manner. Wearem flinest clothes in Chinatown, get flom Amelican tailor on Powell Stleet: he mlos' alaways wearem full dless and hligh hat—no lookee like Chinaman. Glasses on nlose, also; stick flast

CHINK! CHINK! CHINEE!

velee well. Wong say splectacles makem fella 'dicolous.

You see splectacled Chinee comin' down G'lant Avenue, Miss Jean? Yes, Amelicans alaways thlink velee funny, clomical. (*Stretching her neck to see.*) Splectacled Chinee come slouch along Meester Johnny Yum, and fat Chinee with, wearem gleat blig watchchain Georgie Wan. Maybe buy! Bloth go slame lodge with Wong.

(*Enthusiastically.*) Wong he velee dif-fulunt, you will see. Lexpect that with noble ancestors! Wong's people gleat Mandarins in China, likem Amelicans call alistoclats. When Emperor is clowned at Peking, they puttem on gleat, stiff coats, tons golden embloiderie and come with swlords holdem likee this (*saluting*). Wong's ancestors ownem gleat plantations growee tea, and buildem velee fline pagodas so—

You beg intellupt, Mr. Johnny Yum? You beg lexcuse, but thlink should tell how long tale about Wong allee pipe dream? (*Hurt.*) Please, Meester Yum, could not be! Black in Shanghai, Wong he live closemby Yum family. Wong's people no reech, no swlell, more likem

CITY TYPES

flokks in Chinatown Ploorhouse? They jlust fishermen, pearl searchers, and Wong he closs Placific, comee ship clook, to be bloss in Sacramento laundly?

(Hurt and humiliated, but loyal.)

Then, we must lexcuse Wong for Mandarin ancestors on account dleams opium pipe. *(Cheerfully to Americans.)* All polite Chineex lexcuse for opium pipe.

How you say, Johnny Yum? Georgie Wan, he so blasful, thinkem too fat and ask Johnny Yum take by Miss Rosie Wing's booth? *(Giggles inordinately.)* Glodbye!

(Greeting with smiling pleasure.) It's Miss Molly Yen, she come slip in likem glood f'len. Molly Yen, here Miss Jean! Also you delight to meet Meester Arbell, Misses Arbell! *(Holding the other girl's hand fondly.)* Miss Molly Yen, she say such allem klinds nlice things, hear now: *(Repeating.)* Miss Rosie Wing, you lookem so nlice, as wavem fan. How's it, Molly? Amelican visitors to Chinatown alaways inform "Little Chinalee Rosie girl walk light off a Chinalee screen"? *(Flirting with Molly.)* Now, flatter! *(Suddenly changing to grave eagerness.)*

CHINK! CHINK! CHINEE!

Wong, Miss Molly Yen? You no mleet Wong? Ah, well (*sighing*)! Wong come soon slure.

Molly Yen, you come feex me long fine robe and cap beflore time for Carnival plarade? (*Pleadingly.*) And please to send Wong, if mleet him! Gloodbye!

(*Flutteringly.*) Miss Jean, watchem man comin' long flock coat, purple hosiely. He velee pow'lful, mayor of Chinatown, Hang Lung Suey. (*Archly.*) Glood evenin', Meester Suey! Miss Rosie Wing velee well and hlappy, she delight to say. She hlope Meester Suey same? Huh? Miss Wing, she havem plettiest booth at Chinaman's Carnival? (*Giggling.*) Oh, Mr. Suey, he alaways say velee such nlice things. Him ploet, huh? When he see Miss Rosie Wing, yes; lother time, no? (*Giggling again.*) This gleat blig Cloisonne vase? No, heem not sold ylet. Meester Suey take? (*Skipping back and forth in glee.*) Oh, Meester Suey, so velee luscious to do. This, too? (*Picking up article indicated.*) Would Miss Rosie Wing please to tell Meester Suey is this dliamond clomb velee glood piece? Excellent, slure! Would she wear

CITY TYPES

one likem herself? Rosie slure yes. Meester Suey mlust have? (*Naively pushing business.*) Might Meester Suey likem hlandsome blacelet, dlark green jade with many veele nlice slilver snakes allem crawlin' 'round. Yes? Slure he would likem? These pair pins, Samurai tray also, and book Chinese prints? (*Laughing happily.*) Rosie Wing, her blooth makem bligggest sale in Carnival. Load mlost fill up limousine, Meester Suey. (*Wrinkling brows funnily over figures she adds up. Presenting account engagingly.*) So much blill! (*Opening eyes wide as she takes check.*) So much check? Where find chlange? Meester Suey have no place keep chlange? Must hurry off? Forget dliamond clomb and fline bracelet plack-age. (*Holding it out.*) Rosie Wing's for kleeps? (*Overcome.*) She cannot spleak lenough thanks!

He glone, Miss Jean? (*Ruefully.*) Yes, oh, yes, plesents veele fline! Mebbe Rosie Wing ought not tlake, plerhaps? Miss Jean must know. Hang Lung Suey gleat, reech man, landlord for mlost all Chinees in S'lan F'lancisco—Meester Suey he own evaly house and store on G'lant

CHINK! CHINK! CHINEE!

Avenue. Him man Amelicans call thust—
Chinee Chamber of Commerce the blig
bloss. Velee fat, and his wife she die
long ago, second wife, too. He thlink he
wanta marry young girl likem Rosie
Wing. Send lelegant plesents allee time.
(*With grimace.*) Meester Suey, he have
velee wrinkle face. Wlorst thing, he pray
to heathen joss, and no likem Chlistian.
Father Wing usem be reeches' Chinaman
S'lan F'lancisco. Hlard times, though;
Now Father Wing's blig store Hang
Lung Suey glive mortgage, and say,
Wing's daughter marry with him, quickee
no mortgage. Also ask when I travel
back to China. (*Firmly.*) Rosie Wing
never goes back to China, never.

(*Pulling them back and covering her ears.*) Such noisily likem flactory!
That automobile blow mlost horns, make
mlost racket on G'lant Avenue. That so
large yellow automobile hurt many peo-
ple. Who her inside glass with face fixed
allem paint?

(*In scandalized whisper.*) That Lily
Sing, Chinese actress. Her feet small
like baby's, blandaged up till she blig
girl, and now walk on red heel stilts. Lily

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Sing not glood woman. One night blig fire makem flames in Mission upon the hill. She try burn Mission, for it pleach young men stlay away from Lily Sing. She wearem gland embloidered coat in street, 'round flish market evaly day, hleaddress higher than Empress. Her home over Red Dragon Restaurant all softes' rugs and slatin clurtns, blig place veele gland, gleat Ming vases, too, and all smellee sandalwood.

(*Skipping about excitedly.*) Misses Arbelle, you flightened? At blig noise down stleet? Oh, that fine—Chinatown band makem lelegant music! (*Clapping hands to weird strain she hums.*) See! Red incense makem blig fire down G'lant Avenue. Hearem firecrackers pop. All electlical lights pop out, blue green! Nex' thing, plarade begin and come get Rosie Wing for Queen. Why lil' Annie no here so late?

You see Wong, Miss Jean? No? Miss Molly Yen return?

Molly Yen, you no look like Molly Yen, but some lolther girl veele tlired, mebbe sad. You blingem nlate for me?

CHINK! CHINK! CHINEE!

(*Tensely.*) Wong? You see Wong?
Why no spleak, Molly Yen? This nlot!

(*She reads and gives a sharp little cry.
After a pause she puts hand to throat as
though choking and moves about heavily.*)

(*In piteous tones.*) Miss Jean bad
news, bad news is come. Your father and
Misses Mother must lexcuse me. Please
to take off robes, I no ride Queen in Car-
nival tonight (*sobbing*). Pray lexcuse
me, such bad news! She hurt me here.
(*Pressing hand against heart.*)

Sloon now, nnext minute, mebbe, my
lil' Annie Wing she come drive up and
take Rosie's place for Queen. Plerhaps
Wong? No, Wong no come here tonight.
Wong gone. Miss Molly Yen, where he
glive you this letter? Make stop in flont
Lily Sing's and reach you from yellow
automobile? Molly Yen, you thlink
Wong mean this?

(*Reads.*) Gone away to Los Angeles
with Lily Sing. Gloodbye Chinatown for
keeps. Wong.

Mebbe he jlust joke, plerhaps, huh?

(*In piercing voice.*) Molly Yen, why
you scream? All people run? At Mission
corner upon hill? Yes, Miss Jean, hol'

CITY TYPES

me close hug. Why avelythng stop and still and tlerrible? Automobiles I see at Mission Corner. One turn over, other wreck? Oh, Miss Jean run out stleet and see! One all flowers, Miss Jean, lilies? (*Covering face with hands and moaning.*) And chlysanthemums yellow, Miss Jean, chlysanthemums, too? Mlust got be Wing automobile! What's that? (*Uncovering face slowly.*) Ambulance? My lil' sister, Annie Wing, where is she, precious gold? Miss Jean, could you mebbe look for Annie Wing? She on her way to Carnival! Please quick? Why everybody run to me? Such crowd! Miss Molly Yen, you put your arms around me? (*Affectionately.*) Nlice girl. These tears? You weep? To tell me—to tell me—is dead?

(*Unrealizing.*) Dead? That mean—? It was yellow car of Lily Sing. And Wong ride with her fast like hell! (*Bitterly.*) Wong! But not they were killed? It was—it was (*in sudden terror*)—Molly Yen; why you stop? You cannot tell me? Annie? Annie? She die quick, no suffer? (*Repeating in hard voice.*) Wong and the evil woman ran her down.

CHINK! CHINK! CHINEE!

(*With bowed head suddenly submissive.*) My little Annie! Precious plum blossom! Rosie's ocean pearl! Now, she's God's—the gheat Chlistian God's. Lil' beam from moon! So qluick!

(*Pause.*)

Thlink plerhaps lil' while Rosie sail to China, glive Chlistian God to other lil' girls likem Annie Wing!

THE FASHION SHOW

THE FASHION SHOW

CHARACTER:

LOTUS BUDD, a *Junoesque Manikin*.

SCENE—*A roped-off exhibition square at the Fashion Show.*

The model parades in elaborate exaggeration of the year's fashionable walk. At measured intervals she carefully revolves to display the points of her gown and a dazzling smile.

The model drawls every vowel in her slow speech, as follows:

I am Miss Budd—Lotus Budd is the entiah name, known whehevah muddels muddle. You'ah the new girl Madame Nallah's took on to weah Misses' things?

Don't I think this fashion show's grand? Maybe some shows is, but this one, honey, is rank up to rah't now. They just brought me out.

In me you see the original Harrison Fisher (*or name of contemporary illustrator*) girl. I'm the face that has looked out at you from myr-r-riads of magazine covahs. Harrison (*or first name of illustrator*) has been wanin', if you've noticed, evah since I left him. The nerve of some

CITY TYPES

people! A guy I was thrown togethah with at the Sinton one night sends me a postal card of invitation to a Harrison Fisher (*or substituted name*) muddel reunion and stamps on it:

"Dear Budd, you're Original No. 1001."

That guy, while in rah-ality a stale fish, believes he's a regulah comic. Southanah? Isn't it peculiah evrubody catches on about mah South'n birth? A old Virginyah family, yes! Most of the girls you've met heah come from Virginia, too? Say, that's a line of common muddel talk. There ain't one of 'em evah saw the south limit of Evansville, Indiana. You can always select a genuwine Southanah (*with preening arrangement of back folds of her gown*) by her ay-ur.

Muddlin' is heridotory at ouah house. Ma muddles. She's demonstratin' Moth-ah Hubbahds and bonnets now, havin' lost her fig'r yeahs ago. She can remembah hoop skirts and ringlets, and Mrs. President Grant bought clothes she showed. When Ma begins to feel really old, she's gonna write a history of the bus'ness.

Can you beat that town hall band music for a metropolitan show like this? They

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haven't give one tune I could keep step to in this dress. You know why? I handed the refridgerator glaze to that squint-eyed leadah when he requested one of my pumps as a keepsake. He's got a Bohemian label that trips your teeth like a railroad wreck.

(She inspects the crowd outside the partition with good-natured hauteur and giggles happily.) Do you see anything that acts like ready money out thah, holdin' out both hands to Lotus? A Scranton kimono manufactuah unknown to me has been followin' my shows since last fall. Mr. Eisenglass—that's the pahty—took the trip down to see me tonight. He wrote he was a twin for Napoleon and would be in violet socks. The fellows at Eisenbloom's looked up his ratin' and repo'ted some wholesalah name Shylock—I nevah worked his house—would cable Eisenglass credit in a panic yeah. The salesmen all say his is bus'ness intentions. I hones'ly think it's my chance. Wouldn't you ordah a string of pearls in the mornin' with ter-rapin like that as good as landed? Scranton's a dump, but I'd only be at home for house pahties of New Yawk friends. I won't forget my muddle days. I'll be

CITY TYPES

sendin' you postal views from the gay co'ners in Europe and you can count on work at the Eisenglass factory any off season you need it, honey.

The first muddel you evah met was Gert Maloney? Did I heah she was married? She's quit muddlin'? Any time! She come back the day aftah and is posin' for aprons upstate—the hay territory, yah! She's changed her name to May Wheat. When Min Barnum, actin' for all the girls in the negligee shows at Dreiser's called Gert up to congratulate her, her mothah answered, "Congratulations? Perserve 'em! He ain't earned a cent in two years."

(Pausing in her serpentine promenade and haughtily scanning the crowds.) Constance, are you watchin'? Purple socks and he looks like a Empe'ah. Would you buy one of the Thousand Islands for a summah home, if you was me? I'm crazed about the dressin'.

I only go on the road when the mood ovahpowahs me (*intoning like a train crier*)—Milwaukee, Minneapolis, St. Paul, Sioux City, Kansas City, St. Louis, Omaha, Wichita, Lincoln and Den-vah! Say, I may take a bunch o' eight girls out over that route next yeah on a Fashion

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Special o' my own. Bettah come along if you'h interested in food. Why, hones' I got a list o' princely entertainahs livin' in those towns so long I fast for two weeks befoah hittin' the trail. I always choose my town accordanin' to the hotel. It's gotta have orchestra music all day long in the wintah, and a roof garden with enta'tainahs for the summah heat. That's a standin' clause in mu contract. Of course, the Kerosene Lamp Belt is a diff'runt proposition. When the hick stores put on a opening, the only mirror they got is glued to the wall behind the cashiah's desk, and the women bring their camp chaih's down and ocean wave sofa pillows to embroidah tellin' **How Music Has Ways To Stop The Heart From Beatin'.**

But doubtless my road days are ovah. Honey, are you openin' your eyes bright for Eisey? I reckon he don't measure up to my shouldah, but keep your mind on the income. I reckon I'll be married in the mo'nin' this time. I've always done it evenin's befoah; so maybe the P. M.'s is my hoodoo.

The crush around here hasn't broke the rope, yet, has it? Course a muddel ain't responsible for the clothes a dressmaker

CITY TYPES

hangs on her. But did Madame Nallah confide to you she was changin' her line o' bus'ness? I considah I'm a exhibition for a circus outfittah. For an evenin' gown this cerise is bad enough. But when Madame pulled a picture hat down ovah me, I almost faded from life. She said a lid with a decollette was French. You blame any mess on the French in this bus'ness.

You oughta seen me and my dogs blazin' a trail down Mich'gan (*or Fifth*) Avenue last yeah-me demonstratin' huntin' green for ridin' habits, and one o' these here inverted choppin' bowl hats that is wore in Labador and othah hot countries makin' chinks in my eyebrows. I held those dogs on chains a qua'tah block long in a stiff No'theast gale. Hones', ever' fat man on the Boule managed to kink himself up in them links.

Them houn's was wondahful. I forget the breed. They was eithah wolf houn's or poodles, a little of each, I guess. (*With exaggerated accent.*) As a South'n girl, Ah reckon Ah know dogs, but it's been yeeuhs since Ah've been home to Dayton.

Do you glimpse that dressmaker with a red-faced runt and anothah gown sur-

THE FASHION SHOW

geon swipin' a pound o' notes on this rag Madame Nallah's hung on me? Not the one that stands like a doughnut, but the other is a twin line for Selma Stein who used to show fat ladies' specials. Selma was one o' these proud, dah'k girls, a 44 and a faulty one at that. But she ho'ned in on all the exhibits. Her drag with the garment manufacturers was somethin' amazin', if you wasn't aware what a drag with the manufacturers means. Selma had a uncle was a Rabbi. She springs that on evra' firm she applies at, and say—it's as good as a badge at a fire for gettin' you inside the waitin' lines in this bus'ness. That mackintosh the Eisenbloom people call the Pearl of the Talmud was named in tribute to Selma. 'Gya ever notice the way she walked like a duck? No wondah they put her muddlin' for waterproofs!

Selma's wedding was anothah of my Waterloos. Her othah uncle is this manufacturer of rubbers and arctics that keeps a whole suburb of Oswego on his pay roll. He rented a hall for the cer'mony. And was I dressed up, *Con-stance*? Enough for three! The basting girl at Madame Nallah's smuggled me this spangled robe out the basement door and I had my hair

CITY TYPES

a corkin' new shade. Uncle Rubbers and Arctics, trottin' me up to the fam'ly banquet board, was proposin' a series of roller skatin' dates. Featurin' my orphaned and unattached state, I all but give him the license clerk's hours. Only right then, "Oh, Mamma, Mamma! Me and Grandma's here!"—it came at me from the best pair of kid's lungs in the hall. Ma had brought him because he wouldn't go to sleep. It was news to my bus'ness friends. You know, if matrimony's stung you a few times, it's bettah to work as a single in the muddlin'. Did Uncle fade? Quickah than any dream!

But I'd stand for Scranton longah than Oswego anyhow. Ma says I'm always countin' on things. "Remember, Buddy," she says, "you can't pick a sure seller from a bolt of cloth and some designer's pencil sketch. Don't never run up a lot of bills on the chancet it'll be a high-waisted season and you it. Belts to the knees may storm the country and send your type trimmin' crepe paper windows for the L trade in the loft buildin's."

*Con-*stance walk off'n my train. What are you rubberin' at? Just heard somebody call a man in the aisle Eisenglass?

THE FASHION SHOW

(In friendly grapple with Constance.)
Don't restrain me from viewin' him! My Lord! It's the red-faced runt with the doughnut and the othah Semitic hen. And I thought they was dressmaker's sleuths. Well, I don't ask for unlimited cash to be gilded with manly beauty.

(Cautiously looking around.) I'd get a double chin from lookin' down at him just once in a while, honey, but I think his mixed features is interestin'. Only who the dickins are the sirens he's wedged in between? A fine way to keep a date with a lady. I'll cultivate the hennery.

(Advancing with ingratiating manner and spreading out her dress.) Can I interest you in the new satin, Madame? Weahs like iron! You can give it to yo' grandchildren for an heirloom. These sleeves show the latest endorsement of Paris. Beg pa'don? Suh't'nly, this model could be used by othah membahs of yo' family, when you'h not wearing it. This same garment in baby blue that's just the colah of yo'h eyes, only not so bright, yo'll find in Madame Nallah's othah ex'bitition squah on the side aisle next the pa'sols. Walk right ovah, while I quote trade prices to the gentleman.

CITY TYPES

Mr. Eisenglass, (*with dazzling bombardment of smiles*) I'm muddlin' only till ten o'clock and I saved the evenin' for you, in the face of sev'ral silk hats full of gentlemanly opposition. That town of youahs is the ga'den spot of the ea'th, so clean and sunny and it sure does produce handsome men. When I go on the road, I ask to be routed theah.

You can' thank me enough? Mr. Eisenglass, when I give a gentleman a date that I know is a prince, it's me to hand out the thanks befo' the pahty's ovah. The oldish lady with the blue glasses was your Aunt Hetty?

(*As she listens to his long speech, moving pictures of amazement, unbelief, chagrin, disgust, humorous attempt at dignity and resignation are thrown on her face.*)

(*Repeating the words after him.*) You was countin' on Aunt Hetty, she should put in capital for an extension of your stock to fancy dresses? Mornin' sacques and wrappers is all yur line you been handlin'? Last fall you seen it, I was the kinda young lady a dead ringer for Aunt Hetty when she was so young like me? Nobody ain't ever told her she was ever

THE FASHION SHOW

any beauty, but she ain't always squinted and been troubled with catarrh neither.

(Pause.)

You wanted she should see me here. You counted Aunt Hetty would catch it enthusiastic, but you guess I model for coats and suits, ain't it? Not these style clothes, they don't run my line,—your wife Lulu, the other stout lady says. And that color cerise my dress is, it acts like cheese on her stomach. The same color the union men in your workroom has badges when they walk out; so your stomach gets turned also?

(She shuts him off with a sweeping gesture.) Go-o-d night!

(To Constance.) Done again! The next time I believe a party's cultivatin' me socially, it's gotta be proved by affidavit.

(Sniffing.) It's enough to make me drop the profession that I've ris'n to be a national figure in.

Here comes my kid brother in the plaid cap. When Madame Nallah checks up, tell her Lotus Budd has gone home with a sick headache and maybe gangrene.

TALE OF A TEA SHOP

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TALE OF A TEA SHOP

CHARACTER:

ELISE EVERS, *who has the frappe and wafer habit.*

SCENE—*The Tea Shop, a dainty place of rose candle shades, curving legged chairs of gilt, and hanging flower baskets.*

Elise, looking like an animated charlotte russe enters for her daily visit.

ELISE EVERS *diffuses:*

Oh, here you are Hazel! Just going? After waiting an hour and a half? Did I say one o'clock? I meant two. Of course, my dear, you understand I couldn't be meeting you at all today, only poor George had to work so hard that he didn't have time to come to the Tea Shop (*coily*); George Mavis, of course. I'm going to use these chairs for my things. (*She scatters bag, muff, violets, neckpiece, gloves, veil, scarf, and coat impartially.*)

Now, we're comfortably settled with plenty of room. Oh, dear, do you suppose this disagreeable looking old lady with the russet bangs wants to sit here? What is it, Madame? You wish we would not monopolize all six chairs at this table when

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there is not another empty seat in the room? (*Stiffly*) I'm sure I have only a few wraps and things (*gingerly collecting them*), just my bag and muff and violets and neckpiece and gloves and veil and coat.

What's that, waitress? You have four tables besides ours and have been standing here for fifteen minutes? Well, I'll order something simple. (*Consulting menu.*) Soup en reverie,—that sounds dreamy and poetical. I love soups like that. Automobile buns? They pop when you press 'em with a noise like a tire exploding. They have apricot fritters, too. Hazel, do you remember Gladys Grant who married Jack Danton? Gladys could make the grandest apricot fritters. She couldn't cook anything else, but her apricot fritters certainly were good. Well, Jack just lived on those fritters for months. They're divorced now. I wonder why. She made the loveliest seafoam, too. And her elder sister was the most original girl; she married a minister and had her wedding cake in the shape of a steeple.

You're looking at prune cream pie? Oh, mercy no! It sounds nice enough, yes, but don't you touch it!

TALE OF A TEA SHOP

Why, just let me tell you! There was a boy at the Lake last summer whose father owned a pie factory, and, do you know, he kept saying, "If you ever saw how pies are made, I tell you you'd never eat 'em in restaurants and cafés!"

And he was going to tell us all about it that night at the bonfire down on the beach, when his father wired him from the factory to come right straight home; he talked too much.

Oh, here's a lovely dessert, pistachio mousse with rose marshmallow sauce! It must be awfully pretty. I just love pink and green. Oh, is she waiting? Well, I'm sure I don't know what else to order. You can bring me my dessert now, and maybe it will put me in the mood for something else afterwards. Crazy? I beg your pardon, Hazel, but sometimes you are almost rude.

That's one thing about George—he's always so tactful. Poor fellow! He works so horribly hard; he never can come over to the Tea Shop.

Oh, Hazel! (*horrified*). Just look over there at that table with the narcissus! It's George Mavis and some girl. Mercy, isn't she homely? And do you call that style?

CITY TYPES

Those washed out blondes always did remind me of bleached muslin! Oh, no, there's no connection between her hair and the word "bleach"; or at least I didn't say there was, although, of course, some people might say there was, and with good reason. And how a blonde like that could wear a green hat and get past a mirror!—but what could you expect of anyone with such taste in hair? Yes, and that's the very table where George and I sat last week. And he was so attentive that all the waitresses were standing around watching us. Feel badly? Why, do you suppose that I care the teeniest bit about George Mavis!

Oh, oh, oh! What have I done! What have I done! Oh, get the waitress quick! What's the matter? Why, didn't you hear me order? Oh, call the waitress! (*to waitress*) Scratch out my order at once, please! I'm very glad you were so slow in getting it, this time.

Why am I telling her not to bring it? Why, Hazel, you don't seem to realize that I ordered pistachio mousse with rose marshmallow sauce! Well, it's pink and green, and George's fraternity colors are pink and green! My! (*putting her hand to her head*) I'm glad I remembered it in

TALE OF A TEA SHOP

time! Think if he'd seen me eating a dessert done in his fraternity colors! Why, I'd die of mortification!

(*To waitress.*) Do we intend to order? Most certainly! Hazel, we must eat something, now that we're here. What are you going to have? Stuffed green pepper with sauce au malaire? Oh, aren't you afraid of sauce like that? Did you read about that girl who was poisoned in a restaurant the other day?

Why, the newspapers are simply full of poison cases—as one of them said, oh, in great large letters, a perfect epidermis of poisonings is sweeping the city! Isn't it awful how the newspapers just have pages and pages of that terrible stuff! These shocking yellow journals! Mam-ma read a paper against them at her club yesterday. Oh, do you know about that Vorak woman who fed her husband cyanide because he wouldn't go to church with her? Mam-ma and I sat up until two o'clock last night reading every word of it. The Herald had the most wonderful description with colored pictures showing Mrs. Vorak from the time she mixed the cyanide—it looks just like powdered sugar you know; is that powdered sugar in that

CITY TYPES

bowl, Hazel?—oh, oh, mercy! (*putting hand up to face*) take it away! Well, these colored pictures told the whole story from the time she put it in the breakfast food till when the doctors took him away.

Then, you know about that Mrs. Froelich who was so crazy about music and poisoned Mr. Froelich because he wouldn't go to grand opera!

Yes, and some of our best people are doing it! Every time I come home from a luncheon, Mam-ma makes me take one of these anecdotes. And she says she understands now what made her so ill at Mrs. Webster Marvin's dinner last year. Oh, you know, Mam-ma stole Mrs. Marvin's date for a bridge party, after Mrs. Marvin's cards were out. Everybody came to Mam-ma's bridge, and Mrs. Marvin was terribly angry. Mam-ma says that Mrs. Marvin just didn't give her enough poison at her dinner or she wouldn't be alive today.

Well, and they say the waiters and waitresses in cafés do it all the time and particularly stuffed things. If they take a dislike to you when you don't tip them enough, they'll just slip it in anywhere—in chocolate, oh, my, yes!—they say cya-

TALE OF A TEA SHOP

nide very much improves the looks and taste of whipped cream. No, I'd be very careful what I ordered, for I think that waitress looks awfully cross and resembles pictures of Lucia Borgia, that famous Spanish poisoner, don't you think? Same hair and eyes! And of course, now, she could give us something if she wanted to—Paris green or rough-on-rats! Those are poisons, are they not? I'm sure they sound awful enough to be.

What's that? You're getting creepy all over? Hazel! I know! You're poisoned, Hazel! You're poisoned! You're poisoned! Oh, mercy! Waitress get the head waitress and a doctor! Why, Hazel, you're getting green in the face and your feet are working something awful! Be quiet? My dear, how can I be quiet when I know you're poisoned? Don't make a scene? And attract any more people's attention? What's that? You've only got chilblains? Well, why didn't you say so? I was sure you were poisoned. You couldn't be because you hadn't eaten anything? That's so! Well, let's order. I never believe in keeping the waitresses waiting.

(In exceedingly surprised tone.) Well, Mr. Mavis of all people! What a surprise

CITY TYPES

to see you here! W-h-a-t? Your sister? You'd been trying to get me on the telephone? Oh, isn't that too bad! I feel just as though I'd known you always, Miss Mavis; George has told me so much about you! And I've looked forward to your coming for months. I hope you can dine with us this evening. Oh, that will be lovely! And I want to send out cards for a tea for you real soon. There'll be so many things on; all my friends will want to entertain for you. Oh, this is all such a wonderful surprise! I'll call you up just as soon as I get home, and then I'll see you this evening. So glad to have met you! Goodbye!

Oh, Hazel, to think she is George's sister! Isn't she stunning? Looks just like him! Don't you love that pale gold hair? And that hat is probably the very latest thing. I thought she was distinguished the minute I looked at her! And George is so thoughtful and devoted!

(*To waitress.*) You are closing up? But we haven't ordered! No more orders taken? But we've been here for hours. Why, how perfectly awful! Hazel, do you hear that? We have to get out! Why, what's this bill for? The pistachio

TALE OF A TEA SHOP

mousse with rose marshmallow sauce I ordered? But I countermanded it. Not until after it was served? No matter, I fail to see why I should pay for it. Oh, certainly, if you insist, I'll pay the trifle, but I mean to tell Pa-pa all about it, and I'm certain he'll sue the owners.

Come on, Hazel! Let's go some place, and get something to eat!

HERE COMES THE BRIDE

HERE COMES THE BRIDE

CHARACTERS:

HE, *the Prospective Bridegroom.*

SHE, *the Prospective Bride.*

SCENE—*Vestry room of an ivy-covered house of prayer, known for its beauty and fashion as "the wedding church."*

TIME—*Any June evening.*

HE (*ecstatically*). Darling!

SHE. Dearest, you'll rub every speck of poudre riz off my nose!

HE. Adorable nose! Lamb pie!

(*Pause.*)

SHE. Lover, why are you locking the door?

HE (*ecstatically*). Angel! So they can't get in to us.

SHE. But the rehearsal is all ready to begin. The wedding party, all complete, is waiting for us out there. Listen! There's the music of the first hymn.

HE. Turtle pet!

SHE. After that and then another one is my signal to appear at the door. (*Reciting as if by rote.*) At this juncture, Ma-ma said, all the bridesmaids positively must be massed under the canopy.

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HE (*hotly*). Messed, you mean. I never saw such a lot of butt-in girls in my life. Nesselrode! Little gazelle! Meringue! (*Happily humming "Oh, Promise Me."*)

SHE. How you talk! I'm sure they are the very smartest girls in town. I chose an equal number of blondes and brunettes.

HE (*embracing her*). Beloved! You chose? You mean your mother chose.

SHE. Well, of course, Ma-ma did change really every name on my list. I wanted the girls I really cared for.

HE. Tut, tut, lamb pudding musn't care for anybody but me!

SHE (*squealing*). Dearest, my nose!

HE. Wonderful nose! Yes, and what else did your mother do? Changed every last man of my ushers, too. What have I got out there for my own wedding? A bevy of "O My" boys who haven't pep enough pooled to lead a lap-dog to a kennel show. Oh, sure, they aggregate millions! Ask your mother about that. She's a walking Bradstreet. That's why the deah things are here. But do you think I'm parading down the aisle, a block long, with that bunch of lady sticks leading off?

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Listen to their inane chatter out there. I should say not, not even with little fuzzy-umpkins on my arm—(*recess for embrace*)—all dressed up in her white veil. *Sweet-heart!*

SHE (*distressed*). But dear, I don't like my veil. Ma-ma took away the one I picked out. And that thing laid out in the box at home looks just horribly ugly.

HE (*consoling*). There! There! Sweet Cutlet! Dewdrop!

SHE (*wailing*). And even while I was still a little girl, I dreamed of a certain kind of bridal veil. And Ma-ma took it away.

HE. Yes, and that's a small instance. Ma-ma! She opened up all the presents before we ever saw 'em. *She* planned our honeymoon. *She* selected the apartment. *She* chose the church and made up the invitations, oh, thousands of 'em! What is a fellow at his own wedding anyhow? The lettuce in the salad? *She's* been calling up *my* tailor and giving orders for *my* clothes. *She* bossed my bachelor dinner, chose the wines, and viséed the list, very carefully pruning out every regular fellow I know. To top it all, she postponed the date of this happiest day. I go to

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Jenks, the jeweler, and she's left a Little Boy Blue design for the Hindoo junk I have to give those fool ushers. Every one of those "minnies" for months past have been trying to cop you away from me. I wonder how she figures I like that? Never mind, precious (*with stress in gestures*), little darlingest-arlingest won't need any old wedding veil! Sugar'n cake!

SHE. Won't need one? Why, however can a girl be married without clouds and clouds of tulle or old lace? (*Suddenly.*) Dearest, get ready—that's the hymn just before our cue. Ma-ma said—

HE (*humming unconcernedly*, "Oh, *Per-r-r-fect Love*"). Whip cream! Date palm! He'll be here in a jiffy.

SHE. Who?

HE (*still humming*). Minister.

SHE. But Rev. Askitt couldn't come to the rehearsal tonight, you know. He had another engagement. He told Ma-ma so. She was frightfully put out, said for the formal church rehearsal of such an important wedding as ours, the biggest in town in five years—

HE (*slapping the air triumphantly*). That's the time I beat Ma-ma to it. Wonderful! Twice wonderful!

HERE COMES THE BRIDE

SHE. But dearest, how can Reverend Askitt come here and be some other place also? (*Starting off.*) I'll have to tell Ma-ma and the girls.

HE. Hold on! They won't see him. Won't see him, thank heaven!

SHE. Won't see him? Where will he come?

HE. Right here.

SHE (*gasping*). In this vestry? D-e-arest, what for?

HE. To marry us.

SHE. Marry us?

HE. Peaches and cream! Clover sweet! Little honey-cup! (*He hugs her.*) Yes, haven't you been thinking about marrying me for some time? Jelly roll!

SHE (*faltering*). Ye-us.

HE. Well?

SHE. But right here? With the door locked? And Ma-ma and Pa-pa, poor Pa-pa, he looks so worn; it's the first of the month again—and Agnes Repplier—

HE (*hotly*). Who? That darn red-head maid of honor who hasn't let me see you for a week—

SHE. Because she was educated in a French convent where things are done that way. It's elegant and foreign, Ma-

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ma says. Now, I know you've got every speck of powder wiped off again.

HE. I'm eating it this time. Little nosie!

SHE (*reciting wearily*). And there are four other bridesmaids to follow, two in orchid and two ecru, and a pair of flower girls with gauze sashes, slippers and bows to match, and a marshal and Cousin Amy's twins she brought from Baltimore, just in front of the little white satin pages, and eight ribbon stretchers following, and a group of the visiting girls from Miss Finishems that Ma-ma couldn't get in any place except to stand in front of the pews. I thought it cut off the view but Ma-ma said they had such good names it would give a tone in the newspapers and —(*breathlessly*)—why, dear, we've more out-of-town guests at this wedding than the town ever held before. There's no place for me to sleep at home, and all the girls have houses full—

HE. Yes, and that bunch of tango worms I've been saddled with—not a regular fellow among 'em but my best man, Charlie Taggart—what do you know about that fool master of ceremonies, a French count nobody ever heard of till

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Ma-ma discovered it! Say, honest, didn't she find him in a restaurant?

SHE. I wouldn't try to change Ma-ma. Pa-pa once told me not to waste my time.

HE. Yah, he knows. Thro' suffering!

SHE. But dearest, to be—why, do you mean to be married right here in this vestry on our rehearsal night?

HE. That's the idea.

SHE. Why, lover, that would be eloping!

HE. Yep. A still elopement. It's the only known antidote for a large church wedding.

SHE (*doubtfully*). There goes the march. (*Beginning to mark time.*) Darling, Ma-ma woke me up four times last night—when I'd just gone to sleep after the twenty-seventh party—to coach me about sweeping the train around at the altar. It's six yards and weighted, pound on pound. I hate it. She wouldn't let me have a nice light one. By tomorrow I would have been too tired to drag it up that long, long aisle.

HE. All damn nonsense! Never mind, wuzzy-umpkins, that's the truth of it. Chocolate creams! Little canary! Um-um-blush rose! My eyes-of-the-sky! The

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Minister's the only vital thing and here he comes now.

SHE. Oh, oh, oh, wait till I powder my nose. Now, sir, not another single one until after we're—we're married!

HE. Blessed darling!

SHE (*doubtfully*). When I think of those Paquet model gowns the girls all bought and the bother of sending to France for the hats.

HE. They need 'em. Ye gods, those girls are homely! I thought the hats that hid their faces were swell.

SHE. Have you the smelling salts all ready when we tell Ma-ma?

HE (*going to door and unlocking with briskness*). Good evening, sir! Yes, you remembered the three knocks at the garden door. We'd make good Masons, Doctor. What's that? Of course, this is the only sensible way. Now, here's the ring. Fire ahead and get it over with as quickly as possible.

SHE. Dear, of course, we'll have to answer Dr. Askitt's questions.

HE. I don't see why. The Doctor knows how I feel about you. What more counts? But fire ahead. Witnesses? Good heavens, yes. I told Charlie Tag-

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gart to stand near this door; I'll nab him. Thunder, how that organ is booming!

SHE. Of course. That expensive Polish organist has played a large bill already.

HE (*head poked outside*). Charlie! P-sst, Charlie! Grab that fellow next you and slip in here like a streak. (*He pulls them in.*) Good heavens, it's the Count! Now, no squealing, Count! I just locked this door, and you and Charlie are to witness something.

SHE (*doubtfully*). Oh, dear, I wonder—

HE (*taking her hand*). All ready, Doctor! Don't mind that noise at the door! Those chaps outside there can hold their curiosity. The panels are strong. (*Tense pause for several minutes of the wedding service.*)

SHE (*whispering*). The telephones in every other vestry are ringing, and how the autos honk! I can hear Cousin Amy's twins crying, too, and it sounds like a big disturbance.

HE (*sturdily*). "I take thee to my wedded wife, to have and to hold from this day forward, for better, for worse; for richer, for poorer; in sickness and in health, to love and to cherish until death

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us do part, according to God's holy ordinance and thereto I plight thee my troth." (*Aside.*) Charlie. Maybe you'd better back up against that door.

(*Pause.*)

SHE (*in small voice*). "I take thee to my wedded husband, to have and to hold from this day forward, for better, for worse; for richer, for poorer; in sickness and in health, to love, honor and cherish until death us do part, according to God's holy ordinance, and thereto I give thee my troth."

HE (*aside*). Frenchie, be quiet. "With this ring I thee wed, and with all my worldly goods I thee endow." (*Kissing her.*) Pet plum! Sweet custard! Love daisy!

SHE (*fingers in ears*). Oh, dear, I hear Ma-ma's voice even above that angry organ! (HE opens the door and braces himself happily. With smelling salts SHE runs to Ma-ma, standing on the threshold.) Ma-ma, there won't be any use for any more worrying, because we've just been married. (*Noisy pause.*)

HE (*dryly*). Ma-ma, are you going to kiss your son? No? Why not? I'm an unprincipled scoundrel, with no sense of

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social responsibility? What will people say? We don't give a—I mean—a hang. Do we, little dove's wings? I should say not. Blessed ocean pearl! Sunbeam!

SHE. Ma-ma, please don't carry on so.

HE: You'd always dreamed of this wedding ever since your little girl was born? You'd brought her up to those words, Here Comes the Bride? You had particular reason? Because you never were in a wedding yourself? No? Then how the dickens were you married? (*Pause.*) Across the county line? (*Grinning broadly.*) Huh!

SHE (*delighted*). Why, Ma-ma! What do you mean? Eloped? Then, my, you'll be glad and know just how we felt—only *we* didn't run off like you and Pa-pa. Why, then you and Pa-pa must have just been a regular couple!

HE. Yes, siree! I want to congratulate you.

SHE. Oh, Ma-ma, my husband is just too wonderful! Don't you think he calls me the grandest names? It's a perfect gift. And they're so original. Tell her some of the newest ones, dear!

HE. Hang!

SHE (*prompting*). Dearest, how do

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you think up all those sweet little bits you call me?

HE (*hesitating*). I saw an advertisement in one of the magazines from a chap in Maryland—complete course right up to the altar in five lessons.

SHE (*pouting*). And I thought you were so poetical and made them all up.

HE. Lord, I'm in stocks and bonds!

TEENA AT THE OPERA

TEENA AT THE OPERA

CHARACTERS:

TEENA TUNESON, *domestic.*

SCENE—*A backyard, where Teena holds forth, jabbing clothespins in the linens and leisurely appending them to the line, dropping every third piece in the dirt. Steena appears on the other side of the fence.*

TEENA speaks:

Hul-lo, Steena! Ban ay go to Swedish Sangerfest? Well, ay guess not. Ay ban to der Opera! Ya, you yust bat ay ban troo wit ole Swedish plays und tangs. Listen, Steena!

Ay yust ent care if Lars Larson be mad by me, und Ingeborg, und Yusta Yohnson, und Olga, und Helga, und all det crowd when ay go to Svenska Schurch Sunday after Tag Day und say, "You all ban crazy Swedes!" Und now dey yust ent spik by me, but ay ent care und ay ban goin' by Swedish Sangerfest und sit in box place all dressed oop.

Yudder day, ban poot on my bes' clothes und skoll go on der cars by downtown. Yust get off at Auditorium Teeater und

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say to yung man sellin' tickets, "Ay ban Teena Tuneson, und ay skoll go by Swedish Sangerfest und sit in box place all dressed oop. Und ay skoll laugh at Lars, und Ingeborg, und Yussie, und Helga, und ban sing at end part yust louder und louder anyone else Svenska National Hymn...."

Und oh, Steena, what you t'ank? Somebody touch me on shoulder!

"*Hul-lo!*" say ay.

It ban policeman, und he say, "Madame, you ban causing great disturbance."

Und ay look und dere ban big crowd behind me.

"Mister," says policeman, "here's a line of peple waiting for opera seats. Give her her ticket und let her move on."

Und der ticket feller look sick und say, "Oh, Lord, yes, or ay will!"

Und he shove ticket at me, und—yump-in' yiminies!—ban forget dollar und half. Det way, ay, Teena, take der money und go buy long purple earrings by Killman's.

Oh, Steena, you ought to see der way ay was fixed, Swedish national dress und tan shoes. Miss Dor'ty und der Mrs. ban out for evenin', und ay go get Miss Dor'ty's white lace hat. Was yust becom-

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in'! Den ay mus' have some flowers to wear. So ay tak der Mrs. Yap'nese air fern und det yust mak gran' bouquet. Und det yusher, he yust stare und stare at it. Ay yust guess he ent never ban see noding lak det before. Und all der yudder yushers, dey yust come und admire at my costume. Dey all laugh yust yolly. Der firs' fellow, he look at my scheck.

"Ay ban pay for det, all right," ay say.

"Yes, Madame, yes, of course," he say.

"Dis ticket entitles you to seat in Box 49."

Und he pull open gran' red welwut curtains und ay yust walk—you ought to seen der way ay walk in.

"Don't go too near der rail," he say.

"We wouldn't want you to fall over."

Und he run away quick you bat.

It vas yust gran'!—der lights und golt walls und roof round und more crowds peple dan whole city Stockholm und music beginnings. Ay yust try all der chairs in det box place. Und den ay tak off my white lace hat und rubbers und fix 'em on yudder seats.

Der peple in der nex' box, dey yust begin laugh yolly und look over by me und have fine time.

"*Hul-lo!*" say ay.

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Dey yust look at each yudder. Dey was beshful, ay guess. Maybe first time by Sangerfest!

"Ent you col'?" ay say to ladies. Dey ent have no collars und yokes on. "My! dis is big schurch!"

Und ay look aroun', but ay ent see none of Svenska Schurch crowd, Lars Larson, und Ingeborg, und Yusta, und Olga, und Helga.

Und ay yust was goin' down stairs to look for Lars, wen in come t'ree ladies witout any collars und yokes, too, und a gentleman in black clothes und his west all shrunk oop. One yung lady mak a rush for me, Teena, und yust squeal, (*imitating with prodigious effort*). "Oh, dear, dear Highness! How sweet from you to leave the Danish Minister by dinner und come by my little party. Allow me to present my mudder, Mrs. Vander Heyden Spruce!"

"*Hul-lo,*" say ay.

"Der dear Highness! She's so democratic und unpromptu."

"Ay ent ban nuttin' by det kin'," ay say.

"Well, a little unconventional perhaps, ay should say. Und how delightfully quaint for you to appear in national cos-

TEENA AT THE OPERA

tume. It lends such an of—of—(*hesitating*) ficial tone to any upcasion. Oh, ay assure your Highness we've talked of you constantly und looked forward by your coming ever since my aunt in New York met you on det tour of the Northland las' summer."

"Yah!" ay say. "You mean on det boat?"

You remember, Steena, when ay went across der lake for Swedish yanitors' picnic.

"Und wasn't it yust gran'," ay say, "der dancin' und redhots, und det boomy whistle tang det played, 'Some o' Dese Days'!"

"Yeus," dey say, "popular music is quite the fad in Europe. It seems a pity when you have your marvelous Grieg."

"Ay ent ban know heem," ay say. "Hay ent ban go to my schurch."

"Ah, yes, no doubt he was an unbeliever. So many of dem geniuses are! But Highness, every one skoll want to entertain by you. We hope you'll except all the dinners und parties."

"Parties! Sure! Det ban yust booly! Ay ban yust crazy about parties. Lunch-box parties?"

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"How odd! Isn't that a unique idea? Just how is it done, Highness? Wouldn't it be original to have a lunchbox party, Mamma?"

"Ev'ry girl ban fix herring sandwiches und pickles und yelly roll for swell lunch in ole shoe box und go by party. Der boxes dey get auction off. Der boy ban sweet on you, he pay maybe quarter for your box."

Der yung lady's mudder, she say real fast, "Did ay understand you enjoyed an easy crossing, Highness?"

"It ban yust fierce. Cos' me tirty-five dollar from Gothenberg."

But yust den, det curtain it begin to roll oop und Swedish Sangerfest commence. My! Ever'tang ban yust grand, a lake und trees around a big house lak a courthouse! But ay say, "Ay ent see anyone ay know. What for dey got bars by der windows? It's a yail? Lars Larson in yail? Ent det awful! But ay don' see Lars on det stage place. Where? He ent got black haar. Lars just got Swedish haar."

Purty soon a girl come on der stage mit yaller braids.

TEENA AT THE OPERA

"Det skoll ban Olga," ay say, und yust stan' oop.

"Oh, do you know some of der singers, Highness? Mme. Olga Snapdragonski?"

"Det ent ban Olga's name," ay say.

"But of course they always schange them."

"Und dey ent ban singin' Swedish!"

"Oh, no, Highness, Italian ban sung almost entirely here in America."

"Eyetaryun? Da Guineas! Da Wops! Ay yust ent lak det kin' of singin.' Ay yust ban go out in der hall."

Und ay get oop und out of det box place. Der ban lots of sofas mit lookin' glasses all along und yust swell coats und furs und tangs behind dose box places. Und ay yust poot 'em on und walk oop und down und wish for Lars Larson, und Ingeborg, und Yussie, und all det crowd could see me now.

But purty soon det yung lady—she yust make me sick, she talk so sticky—come out and say, "Der act is over, Highness. We ban so sorry you ent care for the Italian."

Den a yung lady come to box und say, "Der names of der party, please, for Daily Chronicle."

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Und dey say, "Guest of honor is a distinguished member of the Danish nobility, Countess Sanga von Hergenwade."

"Ay ent ban nobody by det kin'," ay say. "Ay yust ban Teena Tuneson und dis ban my night off, und ay come to Swedish Sangerfest."

"Det's here tomorrow night," say newspaper lady.

Und dose ladies, dey yust get white und fall into each yudder's arms und carry on!

Und ay say, "Ay yust ban tank ay ent work out much more. But ay skoll go home from here, 'cause ay ent see any Svenska Schurch peple, Lars Larson, und Ingeborg, und Yusta, und Olga, und Helga—"

UP IN THE AIR

UP IN THE AIR

CHARACTERS:

LETTY LAMBKIN, *who is just "out"*.

WINGER, *who doesn't like to interrupt*.

SCENE—*A corner in a drawing room at an afternoon tea.*

LETTY LAMBKIN *speaks*:

(*Sweetly precipitate.*) Oh, Mr. Winger, I've been wanting *so* to talk to you. You've been making such wonderful flights and—Oh, now, don't say a word! I know how modest all you birdmen are. But you must consent to be praised once in a while. Oh, I think aviation is the most wonderful subject to make conversation in the world! I'm sure I don't know what we debutantes would do without it. One gets so awfully balled-up if one tries politics. Now, I have a really genuine interest in art, but the other girls refuse to take it seriously and always start to giggle whenever (*begins to giggle herself*) I launch it at a man. I think music is always nice, if it doesn't get too-too-intense. But there's always so much doing at the Orchestra concerts lately—they're getting awfully dressy, you know,

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CITY TYPES

that I haven't had any time to get "doped up" as Brother Jack says. So, I've cut music off my list. Oh, yes, all we girls make out lists like this: (*produces card*) Topics to use on hostesses; how young she's looking, and *so* much thinner, and such original favors; for fathers, indigestion tablets, physical culture—Mamma has written here, *never* mention federal investigation nor sub-subpoenas, I guess—well, I'm sure I wouldn't, for I don't know what they are—; for bachelors, musical comedy; for widows, speeding; for widowers, liberty; for very young men anything will do. Mamma has written at bottom here: Remember aviation is extremely smart this year.

Goodness, I don't know why I'm telling you all this, Mr. Winger, but you look so sympathetic; I just had to let out! I haven't let out since my debut and it's almost two weeks ago. Such a relief! Now, I'm very complex. And it seems wonderful to find someone who understands me. So few do!

What did you say? Do all the young ladies have lists exactly alike? Oh, mercy, no! If one girl takes another one's subject, she's fined. Betty Ball was almost

torn to shreds for talking conservatories to Winchell Moffett when it had been given to Dolly Dutrelle at our meeting long before the season started. Yes, I'm so excited about aviation. Did I see Stuart bank yesterday? No! Was he at the Merchant's Exchange? And you too? Well, of course, I hadn't met you then, although I'd heard *oodles* about you. Yes, I always go to that nice-looking auburn-haired young teller at the third window. And, oh, dear, I've overdrawn my allowance four months again, but he is always just perfectly dear about it!

Oh, oh, oh! Banking, as you used it, is the term for the tipping of the aeroplane at a sharp angle? Oh, goodness! Are there angles in aviation? I just hated geometry when I was at Miss Endit's. I dropped it and took the preparation of desserts instead. Have you heard Gertrude Drew's original joke about aeroplanes? Well, she asks the man she's talking to what the difference is between monoplanes and biplanes. When he's got all through explaining, Gert says, "It's perfectly plane to me". Tee, hee, hee! (*Giggles excessively.*) You don't know how much I want to go up in one.

CITY TYPES

Mamma says it will be the *coup d'etat* of the season for the debutante who gets to go up first. Now, what would be your idea of the proper costume for a flight? Betty Ball's cousin in New York—the stunningest girl!—was invited to go up, by one of the aviators and she had a duck of a new gown made, DuBarry rose brocade with crystal fringe and a hat with osprey feathers by Antoinette. Well, do you know, Betty's cousin was just seating herself in the machine when those lovely osprey feathers got caught in the wires and she was almost hanged. Now, what do you think would be nice in case (*looks at him hopefully*) in case I should go up sometime?

Something short and practical? And I'm so terribly pigeon-toed! Well, then I'll order one of those cunning little Cosack fur caps that pull down over the ears and a severely practical suit. I can have a full outfit ready by next week, I'm sure. (*Looks at him hopefully again.*)

And wouldn't it be fun to have an airship party—stay up all day, you know, and take a caterer along with a nice, simple little luncheon—seven or eight courses, say—and eat it above the clouds. I *love*

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clouds! Now, wouldn't that be a sensation worth living for? What's that? One you're afraid we'd be dying for—you must be very careful what you eat when in the air? Oh, must you? Well, (*resourcefully*) we might take some charcoal tablets along.

I get awfully dizzy when I go up in elevators, except in papa's office building. There's the best looking young operator with the grandest teeth, terribly interesting. And I'm always forgetting papa's floor and having to go up to the roof and then down again. And I just tell the girls that if all the men we meet at dinners and dances were as interesting as that young elevator operator, why—oh, goodness, what am I saying! (*Giggles helplessly.*) What were we talking about? Oh, yes, about being up in the air. Well, and when we took the Cripple Creek trip, I was frightfully ill. But aeroplaning is absolutely the latest thing and one just must take it up. Besides I'm never afraid of anything but June bugs and thunder storms. The girls all say I'm the bravest thing. Once we were having a midnight spread at Miss Endit's a dragon fly got in the room and I killed it (*a long pause*)

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with a curling iron! So I could be taken up just as high as the aviator wanted to go. But goodness I wouldn't want him to come down so (*shivers*) awfully, awfully fast and *catticornered*—diagonal, yes, that's the word—unless one's friends on the ground had a mattress ready or something.

Yes, they say aviators can't be gotten to come to dinners and things—. It's too bad for of course they'd be a catch for any hostess. And they just *dread* debutantes. (*Suddenly bobbing up and down to look over the crowd.*) There's Mamma and Papa's with her, and Aunt Gertrude, Mamma has always had to just drag Papa places with her, but since I've made my debut, people will be talking to me just as you have been, and I'll look around and there is dear old Papa some place near just eating me up with his eyes. (*Waves her hand again.*) You see Papa thinks I have a wonderful mind and hopes I'll be able to carry on the business some day. I tell him, "But Papa, if you only were in a nice, cosy business—kept a flower store where I could just whiff the flowers all the time and tie up those lovely boxes with silver strings and tissue paper to match

and I'd wear costumes in the color scheme, lavender when I'm tying up orchids"—I bought the dearest pair of heliotrope pumps yesterday—"and crushed strawberry when I'd fix American Beauties, and I'd have the dearest little boy to deliver, with freckles and a cunning turned up nose and livery to match."

Or if papa kept a candy store, I could wear one of those adorable little aprons with ribbons running all through the holes, and stick the cherries on top of the whipped cream. (*Giggles happily.*) But (*dolefully*) Papa's in copper. No, he doesn't run a factory for those lovely percolators and chafing dishes, but it's just—copper. Horrible, isn't it? And at Papa's stag dinners to the directors, he always proposes this toast, "In copper we trust," and all those men think it's the best joke. I don't think I'll go in for copper. I want to be a lady aviator. And when I get ready to buy my machine, I shall call you up—I'm thinking seriously of entering one of those across-the-continent contests—my room-mate at Miss Endit's lives in San Francisco. I think I shall buy a French make; imported things are always so superior. Now, what would you advise?

CITY TYPES

Some frappe? Oh, love to. I've been out I don't know how many times before, but they change it every little while. Let's see. I've had strawberry, orange, pistachio—oh, thank you. (*Takes frappe.*) This is cherry, isn't it? I always have cherry ice at our house; our dining room is in red.

Goodness, if I haven't spilled it all over my violets, and it's so conspicuous! Dear, sometimes, I think I *am* an infant. There, I'm crying. Would you mind opening my purse and taking out the handkerchief (*extending left hand with mesh bag on her wrist while she holds frappe with her right*) and ca-catching that tear running down the side of my nose. Oh, oh, oh! Mamma is signalling frantically; when she smooths her hair back three times like that, that means I'm to come *right* off. I'm so awfully glad to have met you, Mr. Winger, and I think your flights are wonderful and now—not another word! You're the modestest man I ever met, and I'm going to tell everybody so. So glad! Goodbye!

(*She runs off; then halts suddenly.*)
What's that you're saying, Betty Ball?
The Mr. Winger who is here is the avia-

UP IN THE AIR

tor's brother? He's an archæologist, and spends most of his time below ground? Oh, oh, oh! Then, I've gone and done it again. (*She gives a little wail and subsides limply.*)

I'm Up In the Air!

THE BEST SELLER

THE BEST SELLER

CHARACTER:

MATTIE McBEAN, *seasoned saleswoman of fable and fancy.*

SCENE—*Third table between the rubber plant and the paper napkin stand at the Harmony Lunch Club.*

MATTIE dilates:

Vye-ola, turn down (*indicating with perilous gesture of a well loaded tray*) them chairs for Imelda and her fren'!

I wisht I'da s'lected Lima beans. This Scotch broth is d'luted from that gravy they give out yes'erday with the hashed brown spuds. Yes, I'm chancin' stew again, but then I am one sprang of a long-lived fam'ly. My Uncle Bill in Mich'gan City—

It can't be I'm nervous, but for John's sake, wouldya mind changin' that there vinegar cruet, glass bucket o' lump sugar and brown ketchup centerpiece from a di'munt shape arrangement to a circle or any other o' these here g'metrical figgers? I set down to it that same way for three hundred thirteen workin' days. And Vye-ola, when you come back from tappin' the

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water tank, wouldya reach me the pepper'n salt from that table behind where the three commercial drummers with the compound lens stare is plumped?

You was askin' me to lend you a book out o' stock to read in the cars. If you'll promise not to spill iodine or olive oil on the big love scene like you did last time and frisk it back to me on the silent so the buyer won't get wise, you can have this here *The Missal*. (*She pushes book across the table.*)

Don't slop coffee on the jacket, now. The publishers brag it caused more weeps than any book since *St. Elmo*, which was the whoppin' seller, Ma says, of her chicken salad days. It tells on the cover here, underneath the drawin' of a cross wrapped around with a rosary beads—ain't it sweet, u-huh!—it says, "Saturated with a woman's tears! Ten lumps in the throat g'ar'nteed in one chapter!" Ya know its author is a Russian princess, but born in Rensselaer, Indiana, and she has short hair and always wears a Roaming collar, but it's nachral curly. That's her in the photograph above the elevator in the department, in the yard wide frame and a trailin' lace robe with the sea be-

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hind, and that there mournful lookin' beast she's c'ressin' is a, now, Russian wolf houn'. Theresa, our little wrapper, always says the Russian wolf houn' looks like a starved sheep in a snowstorm to her. Since Theresa's gone daft over *Withered Vilut's*—she reads it on her lap down inside her cage—we gotta wait twenty minutes for the simplest package with string oncet around.

Withered Viluts is another one o' these gently refined stories. It tells the romance of a maiden lady who wears the niftiest lace in her neck and lives in a Queen Mary Anne cottage and keeps the family cameos, but she has a villain younger brother who turns up. Its author is said to write under the influence of peanut butter. His wife just divorced him, non-support and throwin' the inkstand at her. It sells grand, particular since the divorce. The girls in the department got giggle sick the other day when I sold a copy o' *Withered Viluts* to a man who musta weighed two hundurd in a ulster and had a fearful deep voice. When he showed, thinks I, "This party'll want Jack London," but nothin' seemed to please him only the real romantic ones. Weight is

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deceivin'. He took *Nun's Veiling*, too. That's swell, a drama within cloistered walls.

Here comes Imelda. Tip back them chairs. Imelda's the girl I been tellin' about. She's a widow, demonstratin' the Growgreat hair tonic in the Friend-of-the-Family department store. You musta seen her sittin' on a platform between the assorted candy and the bak'ry goods with yards of her hair clutterin' up every place around.

'Lo, Imelda! (*Acknowledging introduction*). A honor to meet yu, Miss Butterick! You're in the buttons? I should ask for Beulah? All right, I will. Meet my fren', Vye-ola in the veilin's! I'll be lookin' for somethin' nifty in purrul for the costewme I'm springin' at the Store Quarrel Singin' Concert. Is them rhinestone size of a dollar costly, Beulah?

Imelda told you I was lit'rary? Yes, I am—(*airily*) intensely so. You think it must be grand workin' in the books? Well, when I come into the store and they put me in the book department, it didn't seem more than right, because it runs in our fam'ly to be lit'rary. My brother'n-law works for a printer.

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Well, say, I did feel sorry for Gertie, our noo girl, who come over from the soda water. Gertie won't ask questions. But she's learned diff'runt now. A crusty old party walked up to her and says, "I want to see *Mark Twain*." Gert's awful languid and, takin' her good time, she answered, "That's a dirty shame. He's off the floor just this minute."

Do I get a chancet to meet the authors? Authors is as common to me as dirt and not so easy to get rid of. One was in this mornin', Ysobel Yell—author of *Marriage and the Meal Ticket*. She wears a monocle and gentleman's clothes. Books on marriage is her specialty. No, she's single.

People is always gettin' titles mixed. Then they go off on their ear when you set 'em right. A cus'omer come in a while ago askin' for *The Country of the Ever Night*. I says, "You mean *The Land of the Always Day* all about Alaska. The heroine wears sealskin all-over aprons to wash the dishes in and wipes her feet on sable mats in the shed. That story made the fur buyer of our store sick. When you've finished readin' that, I'd recommend *Weeds*. There's a persistunt book; it grows on you."

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I'm always droppin' my check in the soup. Reach me a spoon, Vye-ola! How could this feed foot up 21c? That fat checker with the gold teeth musta put in 2c for the nut bread. And do you submit this noodles and hashed ham is worth 7c? She's held her hook out for me ever since the day before Christmas and she got all dolled up partic'lar as to a purple and white stripe waist. She was dislocatin' herself oglin' the redhead party who owns the lunch club, until I come along with the livin' same purple and white stripe, only mine was a fit, and he helped me to chow-chow hisself.

You girls all wanna read *The Uproar*, on a dull evenin', a excitin' story o' New York life. It has a explosion, a riot, a tidal wave, a strike, chloroforming, a baby discovered in a ash can, a railroad wreck, trial for murder, a cave-in, a operation, a fire in a skyscraper, the hero's life saved by the pulmoter, sinking of the United States fleet, a blizzard and the burning of Brooklyn Bridge. Somethin' doin' ev'ry page!

Another lit'rary lady that calls to see how hers is sellin' is Henrietta Ball. Her *Vaseline and Other Po'ms*—ooze leather

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—in the author's usual happy vein is just out. Beatrice Bunk bought Mr. Shelley a box o' candy when the entire edition of her latest, *Fifteen Years of a Dancer's Life* or *Brides Beware*, sold out before publication.

Was they mustard on this table when we sat down? You're gonna shampoo your crown tonight, Imelda, and you can read a book clear through while you're dryin' it? I'd recommend *The Missing Buttons*. It purt' near dragged this husband and wife to the divorce court—she always forgot to sew 'em on, see—but their little golden headed Elsie, five and large for her age, brought them together again. The pants and the buttons? Don't get fresh, Vye!

J. M. wants to borrow a story of New York life. So I'm slippin' from stock tonight *The Truth About The Smart Set*. Did you know that lots of the ladies of the Three Hundurd has their gowns dyed and made over and the debutantes is rentin' theirs this year like the actresses in the Neighborhood Stock Comp'ny near our place? Dressmakers have been known to take sick and die before they could collect

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on swell orders. The plot of this work is based on how some chauffeurs at Newport went masqued to a fancy dress ball and slid down the ban'sters with their boss' daughters and was invited to tea by the real haughty ones. It'll make a hit with J. M., I know.

Oh, for the benefit of Beulah, I'll explain that J. M. Jinks, my bookkeeper fren' in the Garden and Stable Seed and Feed store, has been droppin' in with a box o' gumdrops ever' Sat'day night now ten years come next Easter week. We met at choir practice. Yes, I sing alto and he's considered one o' the lowest basses the Woodmen has. You oughta hear him boom "Rocked in the Cradle of the Deep." He's dark, yah, real dark! All tremenjuss basses is brunettes. (*Sighing.*) Ten years is a long time and Ma said Sunday morning when she was hurtlin' potatoes in the oven, "Mattie, I wonder if ye ever will step off!" But you girls'd be surprised the way J. M. is noticin' my clothes lately. He likes me in red. Do you think a cardinal picture hat would be good on me? Ma says to go slow on the color.

J. M. is strong for *Her Little Feet*, too; we got a special price on that today. Some-

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thin' he can't fall to sleep over is what J. M. wants. *Her Little Feet* is a big story with a grip. The hero is a refined young motorman. The girl was brung up to be a missionary to China but in the last chapter we take lief of her packin' ham and a bottle o' coffee in his dinner pail and settin' out for the carbarns. She found her mission at home.

What's that, Imelda? You been tryin' to wedge in a question ever since you stacked your tray. I know you been achin' to ask about the reception the department give for Charlemagne Chaff. Well, far be it from me to own a business defeat, but that reception was such a frost we gotta go back to our winter flannels. Yes, Charlemagne Chaff showed up. Why, Beulah, Mr. Chaff is the author of the Sixth Successive Season's Superlative Seller, *Diana and the Dice*. Sure, you seen it advertised wherever English is spoke. We been preparin' six weeks and worked three nights before. After sendin' out cards to thousands o' charge customers advertisin' a overstock of the yarn that must be cleared out before inventory, we got in a carload of it. Down near the front, exhibited in a stained glass case

under a elegant lamp on a plush cushion was the silver fountain pen filled with pale green ink with which *Diana and the Dice* was wrote. Our buyer thought that out when he was home with the lockjaw. Then we stood around pitchers like the one we got on the cover of our catalogue of this, now,—what did Mr. Shelley call it?—Eyetaryun palatzo, which is foreign for bungalow, that Chaff put up on the stock farm he bought in Kentucky off'n the first edition of *Diana*. It's made all of white tiling with black dots on it to rep'sent Diana's dice. The whole now, palatzo, is a perfect cube with stables done in black and white. Mr. Chaff considers them his lucky colors and has all his shirts and pajamas in 'em. And just as you walk in the main door with a text from the first chapter in letters of gold over it—I'm givin' you this in the words of Shelley; Mr. Chaff asted him down there—your vision revels in a life size painting, like the colored frontispiece in every copy, of Diana in all her red head glory as the eyes of Johnstone Osborne, the hero and young engineer, a half Indian but Yale graduate, newly come to the Bluegrass, first beheld her. Them last phrases is from the book.

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Well, we didn't think to have a *Diana* left by three o'clock because the women was lined up at noon hour with rep'sentatives from the woman's clubs and delegations from finishin' schools all over town preparin' to give their yells. We was thinkin' it was gonna be the greatest thing ever pulled, when this chubby little shrimp inside a fur overcoat comes simperin' up front and with a pipe like a parrot squeals, "Charlemagne Chaff at your service," and he rests his London lid on his stomach. You coulda knocked me over. Chaff's heroes is always six footers and athletes, sure.

Well, that crowd of dames looked sick but somethin' mighta been did, if his wife, who's sloppy and jealous, hadn't a showed up. She was balancin' a twin on each arm and fortified the head of the receivin' line as pleasant as a dragon. The twins begun to howl and kick and queered the parade. We didn't sell a dozen copies, with *Diana* stacked over half a acre in mammoth cubes, that took two union days just to construct and autographed by our young lady book-keeper.

Reach me my coat, Imelda. Oh, excuse me, sir! Was it me knocked your hat in

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the water pail? The hooks in this club are as clost as sardines. You oughta wear a cap and slip it in your pocket.

I never yet paid a check that I et the worth of? Did you ever get short-changed by a cashier as proud as that Queen of the Till? Here am I goin' away without my toothpick. I ain't done that in years!

“MOVIE-ITIS”

"MOVIE-ITIS"

A FARCE MONOLOGUE

CHARACTER:

MRS. RITZ-CARLTON, *society matron and lavish patron of the "movie" art.*

SCENE—*The screen should show an imposingly fitted dressing-room of large dimensions in the principal living suite of Mr. and Mrs. Ritz-Carlton's Avenue house. Circumstances are keyed to the intensity of the evening of the Movie Costume Ball.*

MRS. RITZ-CARLTON *registers the action:*

(Posing before the mirror—sharply and without turning head.) Jas-per! Are you tumbling into this room in *that* condition again? Don't deny it! I am tired of burning punk to controvert your breath. And I've begged you to be in form for the Movie Masquerade tonight. The reels made of it will be published all over the country. I feel like a veteran since I loaned the fur rugs we brought home from Siberia to the Goldfish studios for the Esquimaux Bride film and I played a dog in the cave scene.

These emeralds should take the camera

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brilliantly—I shall certainly have the lead of the grand march.

And that will add a striking scalp to my string as society patroness of the Movies. I have promised to chaperone Stella. Why do you jump every time I mention Stella Goldfish? You do not have to endure her operative practice in public places. If I could only suppress her fireworks' clothes! Planing the daughter of a Movie Millionaire is a strenuous process, although I know you wish that fat Jew Sam Goldfish would quit hanging around for tips on the market. If I ever again allow myself to pose as a "supe" in a hospital scene and wipe up the floor of the operating room, you mean to cut this home?

Also if we get in wrong like the time I invited the Movie troupe to my Bathing Suit cotillon? (*Imitating his grumbling.*) "Yah, and I lost some accounts through that to make a pretty cut in our income, my lady. A pasty-faced movie idol that was paintin' beer signs on the East Side two years ago—the one I found my yachting outfit and commodore's cap on—eloped with the three million dollar and seventeen year old heiress of my oldest

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and biggest customer from our ballroom that night."

I know the rest of that speech.

"Freddie Pelham made the date with that red-headed fattie who plays the adventuresses in purple velvet in the *fillums*—she doesn't need to *play* 'em—in our conservatory he signed up the date with that bunch o' con that's making his grandfather put up their Pennsylvania stock to pay judgment in one of the cheapest newspaper cases our gilded youth has been pulled into in the history of Manhattan. And me subpoenaed for four days when I was floatin' the biggest bond issue put out on the street this year!"

Why are you shouting for Manners? To send off a dispatch to the Chicago branch? (*Angling.*) I supposed you were writing a check for those few boxes at the Movie Ball I subscribed to.

(*Covering her face with her hands.*) Must you raise such a tempest over a mere matter of \$200? And can I help it because everyone we invited happens to have sent regrets? If they don't give you a business advantage by obligating guys who have real money to invest, what are

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box parties for? You'd rather stay at home and soak your feet?

Jasper, stop sucking your stick! One would think it contained liquor.

You're wondering what the devil I'm trying to pass for in this costume? Jasper, seriously, don't you think Cleopatra must have walked like this? (*She parades laboriously.*)

No, but Catherine of Russia did? Why, pray (*anticipating a flattering answer*), do I resemble Catherine of Russia? Because history advertises her as its most notorious waddler! Sir-r-r-r, do you think I will accept such a remark from you merely because (*spluttering in angry confusion*) you are unfortunate enough to be my husband? There's another royalty in the deck I'm a ringer for? Is there, indeed! (*Lorgnetting him as if microscoping an insect.*) Queen Elizabeth had red hair and a horrible tongue? Beast! (*As Jasper exits.*) You would better take yourself off.

Manners, I'm expecting Mr. Gus Wintergreen, the Shakespeare of the S'nario. Mix him anything he wishes!

Another telegram for Mr. Ritz-Carlton? An answer from the Chicago branch,

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no doubt. He tells me the dozen or more dispatches sent to the house this week are important business from the LaSalle Street offices.

Now, if this telephone call means that Gus Wintergreen is going to disappoint me again?

(*At Instrument.*) Hello! Is Jappie at the roost? (*Brandishing the receiver.*) May I ask, Madame, who is inquiring for my husband as "Jappie"? (*Explosively.*) Why, Stella Goldfish, you dear original thing, I didn't know your voice. Oh, you're smoking? Stella, what are you wearing to the Movie Ball? You may change, but as a Turkish Eve you're a ring-dazzler—thirteen colors and forty pounds of Oriental coin on your costume? You're yipping over soon? (*Indulgently.*) Dear child! (*Hangs up receiver.*)

Why, Mr. Wintergreen, when did you slip in? No, Gus, you amusing fellow, that cellarette you're poking in is as bare as Mother Hubbard's cupboard. This is Mr. Ritz-Carlton's own dressing-room, and the safe can't be filled fast enough.

(*Taking up Websterian attitude in center of room.*) My latest work I have

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named *Heaven Help Her* or *Millions for her Birthright*.

(*Reading from manuscript.*) "Vivian Medinci Montmorency has fled to New York from Europe and the unwelcome attentions of the notorious Russian Grand Duke Boremoff, who has tried chloroform, the third rail, abduction, a mill race and arson to get her in his toils all in vain. Vivian is the fair daughter of an Italian woman of noble lineage and a colonel in the British navy stationed in the Transvaal or some of those places in India. Here—"

Manners, repeat the order for Mr. Wintergreen! And do listen, Gus!

"—the father deserted his family and was never heard of more. After wanderings over the face of Europe the delicately nurtured woman made her humble home in the Latin Quarter of Paris where she breathed her last, leaving Vivian just budding into a glorious womanhood."

"Next we see our refined heroine in the lowly garb of a kitchen worker in the Hotel de Gilt. So gracefully does she juggle dirty dishes—"

What is it, Gus? Manners, always have

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a second siphon placed for Mr. Wintergreen!

"—does she juggle dirty dishes that it is but a step to a triumphant debut as solo dancer in Broadway's Hall of a Thousand Calcioms. Then international fame as Violette Slimenbones, Queen of the Modern Dance, for whom cigarettes, babies, Parisian fashions, race horses, face powder, roses and yachts are christened!"

Yes, Manners is slow, Gus, but he can't change the trays any faster.

"—The next shows the Grand Duke in chinchilla cape and curly Van Dyke beard still pursuing our heroine. He is smuggled into America through Atlantic City on a submarine to float a Russian war loan and one for Germany, I think it is, too. At the Mad Millionaire's Ball, a scene of Oriental magnificence, Vivian is crowned Queen of the Carnival displaying a diamond tiara strung with the crown jewels of the Khedive of Persia guarded by eight detectives. Enter, preceded by his armed suite, in full military uniform and wearing the highest rank of the Iron Cross, the Russian Boremoff, who the instant he sets his eyes inflamed with dissipation upon the glowing beauty of Vivian enthroned

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beneath the cloth of gold canopy, thunders in the resounding bass of the Bourbons, 'By the Czar Peter, my lost ward, my little Vivian!'

"Thereupon the beautiful dancer screams, 'I am not his ward. I loathe and fear him. *Heaven Help Me!*' and falls gracefully, her five-foot mass of golden hair tumbling about her heels in a gorgeous swoon on the red velvet dais."

Yes, yes, Gus, don't shout so! Manners will change the Scotch for Horses' Necks.

"The Mad Millionaire, at the head of a crowd of shrieking dancers, rushed to the insensible Vivian. Raising her peerless form, the simple locket she had always worn flew open. One look at the pictured face within, the Mad Millionaire clutched his hair: 'My wife!' he cried."

" 'My mother!' breathed Vivian, opening the wells of dark beauty that were her eyes."

" 'Liar!' the giant Russian scoffed. 'Vivian shall yet be mine.' "

"Livid with rage, the new found father lifted the powerful Grand Duke by the gilt-incrusted collar of his coat as though spinning a Pomeranian, and dealt him a giant's blow full in his villainous face."

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"'Tomorrow at sunrise, sir—the Ambassador's son here for my second'—hissed the Cossack!"

"Then for climax, the duel on Brooklyn Bridge. Duke Boremoff falls at the first sabre thrust from the Mad Millionaire's sure and steady hand. And Vivian is freed of care forever."

(*Triumphantly folding manuscript, but quickly changing expression.*) Why, why, Manners, *where* is Mr. Wintergreen? He slipped out? When? Just before the Mad Millionaire slapped the Grand Duke? At least he woke up then (*a long pause*).

Yes, I hear Mr. Ritz-Carlton taking on. (*As Jasper enters.*) Is it my responsibility if you almost broke a leg, as you poetically put it, over that brat of an old clothes' peddler, Gus Wintergreen?

Jasper, do let those siphons alone!

What is it, Manners? A mysterious heavy gentleman with a thick black mustache is demanding to see me? Jasper, contain yourself! How do you know he is another cheap movie promoter working me to finance him? Oh, is there a card, Manners?

(*Reads.*) "Mr. Murphy Tuohy—from Mrs. John Adolphus Van Rennser."

Certainly, I'll receive any friend of Ada Van Rennser.

Mr. Murphy, I believe? You'll come right to the point? It's about the theft of the Van Rennser opals? The Van Rennser opals gone? Do you hear, Jasper? A fortune in them and handed down to the eighth generation—and Lloyd's Policy had just run out!

What have *I* to tell about the deed? Why, ah-er, Mr. Murphy, what do you mean? Three gardeners grabbed a guy doing the sneak from the breakfast room window of the Van Rennser's Connecticut villa (*repeating Murphy's words*). It was broad daylight and he yelled, "I'm Stanford Star of the Goldfish Studios. If you crab my running act and spoil this film, I never see my job again. This here 'stunt' was fixed up by Mrs. Ritz-Carlton. She'll explain everything?"

I explain? They missed the opals ten minutes after they let the fellow go? (*Wailing.*) Oh, how can I ever look Ada Van Rennser, my oldest friend, in the face again? Of course, I know nothing. The man simply read of my well-known sponsorship of the Movies—I've been written up with photographs in every large city

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in this country and Canada—and used my name in a robbery, a cleverly planned robbery! Mrs. Van Rennser has published a statement holding me responsible?

Jasper, how can you torment me in the midst of such trouble? Will I call off the appearance at the Movie Ball and promise to drop that bunch of rotters now and forevermore?

Ada Van Rennser is going to take it to the courts, do you say, Mr. Murphy? The charge to be booked against me is conspiracy and grand larceny?

(*Facing Jasper.*) For the last time before you get out to stave off a search warrant for the police to sack our house for the Van Rennser opals, will I take off these fool trappings and come out of my movie mania? (*Hysterically.*) This is my answer. I shall be opening the first annual Movie Masquerade within the hour.

(*Left alone, she collapses and weeps.*) Never will I give up the Motion Picture Drama. But how to face this horrible thing, conspiracy in a jewel robbery!

You know a way to ward off further trouble, Manners?

You picked up this opened telegram from Mr. Ritz-Carlton's secretary and

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thought I should see it. Why, that's the message from the Chicago branch!

(Taking and reading in wild surprise.)

"Ownest little Jappie, so lonesome for my society dudelet can't live without you Jasp. We'll give Fattie—"

(Jumping to her feet in indignation.)

Fattie! The impertinent wretch!

"—Fattie the fly-by after we dump her at the doings this eve. Bye, bye, lovie.

Your best bet Little Stell."

(In tones of frostiest repression.) Ah,

Mr. Ritz-Carlton, here you are back, possibly for another wire from the Chicago branch?

Yes, Stella, I knew from the slam and bang below you had arrived. Why this tambourine and the hand organ and hoop earrings? You decided to go as Marietta the street singer, and will take Mr. Ritz-Carlton along for your monkey? You brought an ape's skin with a four foot tail to try on him?

(Seizing Stella by wrist and dragging her forward.) Here, Mr. Ritz-Carlton, allow me—your Chicago branch—also *(dramatically producing dispatch)* the wire!

But you two will not have to dump Fattie and give her the fly-by this evening.

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No, Stella, our monkey will not show his tricks at the Movie Ball. (*In thundering voice.*) Shall you, Jasper? No! Good evening, Miss Goldfish!

(*Sternly.*)

Jasper, ring for your lounge suit and house shoes. My robe goes to the housekeeper for a divan cover, and the head-dress feathers can be returned to the shop.

(*With right hand upraised.*) Never again will the name of Ritz-Carlton associate with the Film Drama. I am done with the Movies!

IN THE LIFE CLASS

IN THE LIFE CLASS

CHARACTER:

POLLY PALETTE, *an ingenue art student.*

SCENE—*A corridor in an art school.*

Polly is enveloped in a paint smeared, oil soaked duster, flaunts an abundance of chiffon tie, grasps a phalanx of long paint brushes, and juggles a huge palette with thumb crooked through the hole. From the door of the life room, she sees a former student in the hall and runs out.

POLLY PALLETTE *gurgles:*

Well, Pearl Gray, of all people! Why didn't you come down to school this year? It's packs of fun. The designers gave a bean soiree last night. Then on Monday the architects had a Ball Masque and Tuesday there was the illustrator's revels. That was terribly exciting; we all had chocolate cigarettes and acted just shockingly Bohemian.

What (*revolving*) do you think of the duster I'm wearing? It's considered one of the most artistic in school—seven years old and has forty-seven paint stains on it. The girl who had it before eloped with one

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of the guards in the galleries upstairs and willed it to me. And every one of these streaks, Pearl, is an autograph. But here on the front is the smudge I value most of anything in the world. Who do you think did this shell pink and baby blue? Guess? (*Dramatic pause.*) My dear! Nell Brinkley! Oh, I tell Mother that I want to be buried in this duster!

But, do you know, my family doesn't appreciate it at all. Father says I look like a lady taxicab driver, and Mother says she thinks this duster ought to be reported to the sanitary commission. But families never do understand. You know Mabel Messy. Well, Mabel held the record for the most artistic duster in school—hers had sixty-two paint stains on it—and lots of the girls thought she ought to have it insured or donate it to Friends of American Art when she left school. But what do you suppose happened to Mabel Messy's duster? Why, when Mabel was away visiting during spring vacation, her mother found that duster and—what do you think?—she washed it, boiled and boiled it for days, and here poor Mabel's beautiful duster got all cleaned up and was artistically ruined. Oh, it's terrible! I have to

tell Mother every morning that nobody, positively nobody ever heard of a real artist's picking up her room.

Pearl, I must tell you what happened to my masterpiece. It was the portrait I did from memory of Aunt Editha. Aunt Editha lives in Indianapolis, and I've always been her favorite niece. Mother had the picture crated and sent to her. But we received the strangest news from Aunt Editha this morning. She got the picture all right but she has disinherited me.

Oh, there goes Benny! U-ooh! (*Waving her hand vigorously*) You remember Benny, of course—yes, his hair *is* just like patent leather, and his legs are so grand and long now; he can wind 'em three times around the highest stool in the first year design room. Poor Benny! He was home all last week with growing pains. Benny and Miles do such cute stunts together! Remember the time when they came to the Ball Masque dressed up as cinders? Ye-us, wasn't that the brightest thought? Benny's had several offers to go on the stage. I'm sure he's packs funnier than (*name an actor notably associated with tragedy*) and lots of those comedians.

Benny's parents are awfully strict. His

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father makes him come down to his office every day in vacation. And do you know?—his mother told my mother that one time Benny was sitting at the corner of a long table at a directors' meeting, and he had a piece of crayon and some paper in his lap and he began to draw his father. Well, the old man—(*giggling*) that's what Benny calls him—was going on in this long speech about continuing the company and founding a dynasty with Benny to succeed him.

"Gentlemen," he said, "Look at my son, now, busy making computations with his pencil; there's a financier for you."

And Benny drawled out, "Keep right on, father. That color in your face is grand. I always was strong on sunsets."

And the directors almost fainted.

Here comes Mabel Messy. Yes, don't you love her hair? She doesn't work very hard, but she's the cutest thing when our Girls Life Class Association gives plays.

Hello, Mabel! Has old Flurrier noticed that I'm out? He's in good humor because one of the art critics in this morning's paper praised his painting of the stockyards fog? Oh, I see! I guess I'm safe in staying out a while longer. Oh,

IN THE LIFE CLASS

Mabel, I want you to meet Pearl Gray!
Miss Messy, Miss Gray!

Mabel, coming to the dance tonight? You're not? You've got a date at the Yacht Club? You have? And with one of those lovely older men you introduced me to at the tea the other day? My, I wish I knew more real old men, the kind who come to call on you in evening clothes and carry canes and have traveled. I think you're lucky, Mabel. He was terribly interesting and so old. Why, he must have been all of thirty!

I ought to go back to class, Pearl, but I just can't stand for that model in there. She squelches me all the time and doesn't take my art a bit seriously. Well, yesterday, she was posing in a Shetland veil with spots all over it you know, and it's true I had been carrying on with Benny. I couldn't help it; he was making the cutest puns about the paint palette and the palate that you eat with. But when I did settle down, I worked real hard for all of fifteen minutes and I thought I was doing very well until old Flurrier came along and took one look at my sketch of the model in the Shetland veil. He choked up and wanted to know if I was draw-

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ing the newest kind of a fever rash and didn't I think it belonged in the isolation hospital.

I've brought them several models for their old life class, too. You know we had this picturesque peddler Tony who sells vegetables on our block, and I got him a job posing down here with his head tied up in a red handkerchief. He was perfectly great when you painted in the Bay of Naples for a background. But what do you think that peddler did? The second day he was down, they brought in another model dressed as a Turk. It seems there was a war going on at the time between Italy and Turkey, I guess. Well, that peddler just went as crazy as a bull and stabbed a T-square into the other model's eye before they could get them apart. Then, I had our washerwoman come down and pose as the Spirit of Labor, although Mother said that labor never seemed to interest Mrs. O'Toole that she knew of. And the skeletons in the anatomy room just scared her to death.

Speaking of anatomy, Mabel Messy and I were standing up in the car going home the other night and there was the best looking man a little ahead of us. Oh,

simply Greek! Right away, I said, "What splendid anatomy! His chest is absolutely perfect and such adorable legs I never saw! He has almost a waistline, besides. The proportions of the hips are flawless, too. We just must get him, Mabel."

Mabel said, "We must and we will, Polly. It's our duty to art. We'll go right up and speak to him now."

But just then a woman behind us seemed to almost blow up, and she shrieked out. "Oh, no, you won't, you hussies, you!"—she called us hussies, Pearl—"You won't get my husband under my very nose like that. You love Art, do you? Well, I'll have you know he's my Art. Come, Arthur, we'll leave this car this instant."

She pulled him out and everybody looked at Mabel and me, and I felt I wanted to die right there. We artists are so seldom understood. Even other artists don't understand me.

I have a studio at home now, on the third floor next the servants' quarters. Of course I use turpentine a great deal. Well, one day Mother gave a luncheon and a bunch of spoons that had been soaking in turpentine up in my studio failed

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to get washed, and mercy! eight of those ladies had to go to the hospital. But I always try to be careful about washing out my paint cups before I use them at my tea parties.

If you see Flurrier coming, be sure to tell me. Just think, the old bear asked me the other day if I could tell him one thing I had done this year. I said, indeed I could, that I was the first girl to wear white shoes in the life class. I just told him that all I ever went to art school for, anyway, was a good time and to learn to paint cunning dinner cards and to do my hair in a Psyche knot. He is terribly cross with all us students except the school teachers who come down to study on Saturdays. Those Saturday people! They never chase the halls nor anything and they don't pay a bit of attention to dressing the part. Think, my dear, of being an artist and not wearing a bow tie!

Oh, I intend to leave the Institute and go in for interior decorating pretty soon. Of course, I may have a house of my own some day and—oh, you know!

I won't go back to the life class now. I might as well finish up the hour out here. I have a class at three with the most bash-

IN THE LIFE CLASS

ful young instructor, a new one, yes. Maybe we girls don't love 'em when they're like that! He lets me use everybody else's easels, and, oh, but Mabel Messy did the worst thing! Somebody dared her to see how fussed she could get that young instructor. And what do you think that Mabel did? She pretended there was a cinder in her eye and made him try to take it out. His face went as red as a beet and I thought the life class would simply die.

Yes, don't you think my palette is arranged artistically? I've got it all fixed for trustee inspection. That's why I never work; I wouldn't spoil those little round pats of paint on that palette for anything.

Oh, mercy, Pearl, here comes the superintendent of the school himself. I'll simply have to run. Goodbye, Pearl, and come down to the etchers' dance tomorrow!

**MRS. McGOVERN PRISINTS
HER DATHER**

MRS. McGOVERN PRISINTS HER DATHER

CHARACTER:

MRS. McGOVERN, *a muscular Irish dowager.*

SCENE—*A doorstep in that part of town known as New Erin.*

Mrs. McGovern stops on her way for the morning's milk.

Sez MRS. McGOVERN:

A foine good mornin' to yez, Mrs. Rafferty! Shure, 'twas a shayme yer ould man had to pass away at the Cure last wake, and yez havin' to go to him, for 'twas swill doin's inthirely was goin' on in the nayborhood. Me ildist dather Tara mayde her debewte. What am I manin' by debewte? Shure, Mrs. Rafferty, thot comes of yer scrubbin' in a office buildin' stid of a foine manshum amongst the alyte loike mesilf. 'Tis glad I am I let Tara go out as parlor mayde, for 'tis broadnin' idees a girrul gets in a gr-rand istablishmint foindin' out, as they say, how the ither half lives. Are yez still thinkin' about thot wor-rud debewte? 'Tis manin' that

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Tara's intrin' socyty. 'Twas grayte priparations we mayde. Tara and Leinster wrote out the invitayshuns (*indicating on palm of hand*): Mr. Michael Maloney, Sir,

Dear Mike,

The plissure of yer prisince is riquisted on Chuesday avenin' at sivin o'clock at the fambly risidince of the layte Pathrick McGovern and Leinster, Ulster, Munster and Connaught McGovern, to mayte Miss Tara McGovern, who will mayke her bow. A plissint toime will be had by all.

R. S. V. P.

Whot's thot mane? Thot's ixactly what caused the throuble. Ulster and Munster delivered the invitayshuns two days before the party. The nixt mornin' in walks Bridget Haggerty: "Shure, 'tis grayte sthyle ye're puttin' on, Hibernia McGovern. And will yez be tillin' me the manin' of thim haythenish lookin' litter, R. S. V. P.? Haggerty sez 'tis a signal for a Fenian matin', and 'tis divil a sthip he'll tayke from his own stoop, for 'twas sint up he was in the last wan thot was raided in "94."

MRS. MCGOVERN PRISINTS HER DATHER

Sez I, "Have yez no knowldge of so-shul itycat? It manes yez'll not have to pay nothin'."

Miny of them thought 'twas a furrin langwidge and wint to the prayste wid it.

Sez Delia Dyle, "What mayde yez think I hadn't mit Tara before? Shure, didn't I dandle her whin she wasn't a day ould?"

"Wurra," sez I, "yez are not to lit on thot yez iver set eyes on her before. 'Tis the custom wit debewtes."

Jerry Delehanty dhropped in on his way to the steel mills. Sez he, "Are yez goin' to give a par-rty fer the ixpriss purpose of seein' Tara mayke a bow?"

Anastaysia Antrim sint a illygant par-fumed letter: "Shure I'll come," she wrote. Anastaysia's the mug of consequence since she's been workin' in a departmint store.

Will, 'twas the gra-and clanin' and scrubbin' and mindin' the holes in the floor I was doin' for the nixt two days. Tara and Leinster covered the playces in the walls and caylins where the plaster broke wit pitchers of the Prisidints thot was giv out last iliation toime. An American flag

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was drapped archisticly over Pat's por-
trayte on the aysle—rist his soul—what
wit borrowin' Barney Callahan, the
painter's scaffold and siv'ril ir'nin' boards,
whin they was all put together and the
shaytes sprid over, 'twas the bankwet
tayble we had, indade. Bits of the palm
from Palm Sunday past was sprid round
the tayble. As Tara was awondrin' what
to have for a cinterpayce, in comes a bas-
kit from me ould Aunt out in the country
wit the foinest, prettiest, biggest head of
cabbage I ivir glimpsed. Tara curled the
laves wit a hat pin and 'twas a bewetiful
iffict it mayde in the cinter of the board.

We put Leinster's good pants bechune
the bid springs and, come the day, they was
prissed as flat as flat. But Ulster's wan
pair was hangin' on him in rags and 'twas
sore put to it we was to know what to
cover him wid. Foinally, we wayted till
Leinster come home from the steel mills
whin I took his workin' pants and put a
deep tuck in 'em for Ulster, him bein'
only twelve and Leinster twinty past.
They looked rale well. Sez Tara, "Loose
iffictis fashionable this sayson."—Though
siv'ril toimes in the course of the avenin',

MRS. MCGOVERN PRISINTS HER DATHER

Ullie got worrucked up and near stipped out of 'em.

But shure, 'twas me own coshtume cree-ayted the sinsayshun. Tara had brung home this couch cover, a gra-and lookin' thing, foine enough for an alther cloth, but the swills at the Manshun had no more use for it. We was wondrin' what under Hivin' I was to wear at the debewte, whin Tara suddintly cried, "Ma! the couch cover!" Shure, 'tis tayste and 'riginality thot girl possisses, for if she didn't sew me up in the rid couch cover, draypin' the sayme about me figger till whin I wint to the glass, I looked loike an impriss. Thin, she twishted around me head the piano scarf she won in the raffle at the church bazaar. 'Tis pur-ple wit gold birds imbroidryied on it. A pair of white tinnis shoes thot Leinster found in the Park complayted me appirnce. Sez Tara, "Ma, ye look nobby!"

"I fale the same," sez I.

At a quarther afther six the bill rang. "Quick!" sez I, "git in loine." And I pulled Ulster, Munster and Connaught into a row, loike Tara showed us. Leinster wint to the door. But 'twas only Phil

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Sher'dan, the undertayker who'd promised to stand at the door in his whoite gloves and dirict the laydies to the bid-room to tayke off their wraps and lave the baybies. 'Twas imprissed he was wit me appirnce.

"The last toime I was in your house," sez he, "was whin we was burnin' candles for himsilf."

At half past six, we loined up agin and Phil stood by the door. 'Twas near sivin thirty, and the tinnis shoes was killin' me, whin the tuck broke in Ulster's pants. Tara and me was runnin' for pins—she in mortal färe me robe would be dislo-cayted. Suddintly there was stips on the stoop and somewan pounded on the door. "In loine, quick!" sez I. And we formed on the instinct.

'Twas the Fogartys, as we ixpicted, for 'tis no wan ilse can hit a door loike thot but Uncle Tim Fogarty wit his wooden leg. 'Twas surprised we was to see Fogarty, him bein' sint up agin only a shorrut toime ago.

"Whin did yez lave the jail?" inquired Leinster.

"Last noight on parole," sez he.

MRS. MCGOVERN PRISINTS HER DATHER

"Leinster, tayke Mr. Fogarty's hat," sez Tara.

"Oh, no, yez'll not," answers Fogarty suspishus, and put the hat in his pocket. "What the divil are yez all standin' for?" he sez to us in the recavin' loine.

"Mate me nephew, Sarsfield Sullivan," sez Mrs. Fogarty, injicaytin' the strange young man wid her in sailor's coschume.

"Shiver me timbers, yez are all roight," sez he to Tara, intrin' into a spirruted conversayshun wid her.

Nixt cayme Dinnis Dillon, the plumber. He's rale swate on Tara—a foine spic'-man of a young man wid a nick on him loike a bull. The rist of the gists, the Callahans, the Donyhues, the Dyles, and Haggertys, the Dilihantys, the Maloneys and Anastaysia Antrim drissed to kill as-simble on the scane. The laydies had their sodality medals hangin' round their nicks on their pink and blue ribbons, and a illygant iffict was projuced.

Sez Fogarty, "Do yez moind the Gra-ate Wind?"

"Do I moind it?" responds Id Donyhue. "Shure, didn't it blow off the roofs and

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lift the walls out of the ground in me village Connemara, County Sligo?"

"Thot's nothin' to what it did in Donegal," from Fogarty. "Whist, hull churches was razed clane as a grindstone."

"Be yez thryin, to tell me, Id Donyhue, thot the wind was bigger in County Sligo than in Donegal? 'Tis divil a worrud of thruth yez're spakin' and yez know it well."

And as quick as a strayke, Fogarty and Donyhue was locked in a grapple. And Connaught begin to yell, and all the baybies in the bidroom where Munster was mindin' thim the same.

Larry Lancy—who was thravellin' the bate thot noight—come runnin' in. "Is it the debewte?" sez he.

"It is," sez I. "Tis also Fogarty and Donyhue and the Grate Wind."

"I've heard the sayme argymint at iv'ry wake and gatherin' since I've been on the force. Donyhue, were yez in County Sligo whin the Gra-ate Wind came?"

"I was not," sez Donyhue, "not bein' born at the toime."

MRS. MCGOVERN PRISINTS HER DATHER

"Fogarty, is yer recollikshun of the Wind taken from yer own mim'ry?"

"'Tis not," answers Fogarty. "I had it from me gran'mither."

"Pace, thin!" sez the off'cer of the law. "Why, good avenin', Misther Haggerty, 'tis nachral to see yer fayce in the avenin'. Are yez supplied wit the brith o' loife by any chanct?"

"I am thot," sez Haggerty. Wherewit, he brought for't some liquid rifrishmint from his playce of business on the corner. And the assimblay drank to the downfall of Windsor Castle and its occypants. Thin, wit Mike Maloney playin' "Belave Me" on the mout' organ, they all walked out to supper. And 'twas amazed they was at the fayste.

Did I tell yez we had playce cards? 'Tis so! Tara had wrote aich name on a foine big payce o' payper (*indicating the size of a sheet of foolscap*) and put wan on aich playte.

"Is it me birt' certif'cate yez have got?" sez Callahan, glimpsin' his.

"'Tis a Collayshun," sez Mrs. Callahan.

And 'twas thot! Cold pork, cold corned bafe, molasses, fried potayties,

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corn male mush, onions, turnips, and suet puddin'—the hull bein' topped off wit more liquid refreshmint from Haggerty's.

"Will yez sing a Come-all-ye, Aloysius Delehanty, to start the fun?" sez I,—for 'tis a powerful voice Ally has, carryin' for blocks, and shure yez'ud think somewan was blasthin' the house whin he let out. And thin the kids begin their divilmint. The Dyle youngin, the tirror of the neighborhood, got unther the tayble and unstrapped Uncle Tim Fogarty's wooden limb and was clubbin' the ither kids wid it.

And if thot 'Staysia Antrim didn't mayke foolish eyes at Dinny Dillon and hangin' over him till it'ud mayke yez sick. She'd talk the teeth out of a saw. Tara, to git aven, giv all her 'tintion to the sailor, remarkin' to Dinny thot there was nothin' so imprissive as a unnyform. And the sailor was tillin' her gran' tales of furrin' lands.

"It is a wricked man I am, and me plumbin' business ruined, if 'tis the cold storage mit Tara's givin' me, "whishpers Dinny to me.

And so he would, if the sailor hadn't got a still on and uttired the staytemint

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thot the Oirish wasn't fit to govern thimsilves. 'Twas nearly kilt he was for sayin' it.

'But,' sez his Uncle Fogarty himsilf, "what could yez ixpict from a pig but a grunt," and thrun the sailor out of the house.

Afther faystin' for hours, we up from the tayble—thim thot could—and old laydy Delehanty—her thot was eighty sivin yares of age whin they lost count—tripped a Kerry jig (*clapping hands and tapping feet*) till she hadn't a leg to put under her, wid Danny Dolan—the butcher, yis,—and him so loight on his fate, he could dance upon a spider's web widout brakin' it for all his four hundred pound! A foine doorfull of a man! Tara prisinted the old laydy wid the prize of the avenin', a illygant washboard.

"For the cotillyun," sez she.

"'Tis a disaze I'm not acquainted wid," sez the ould laydy.

Suddintly a commoshun arose at the back of the room. "'Tis a gra-and city governmint we have," sez Dyle, who worruks for the Strate Clanin' Departmint, dhrivin' a sprinklin' cart.

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"'Tis rotten," yells Clancy, who lost his job last illiction. And in an instant they was locked in a grapple.

"Quit thot!" sez Officer Lancy, showin' his authority and wavin' his club. "Or I'll run yez both in. I must lave and be pullin' me box," sez he to me, "'Tis a gra-and avenin' we've had, Mrs. McGovern." Thin he put on his hilmit thot the div'lish Dyle kid had filled wid water. 'Twas soaked he was.

Thin ivrybody took their baybies and wint home singin' wid happiness. Shure, iv'rybody got the wrong baybies, but ixchanges was mayde in the mornin'.

Yis, Dinny Dillon and Tara are to be called out nixt Sunday.

But shure, 'tis ixhaustin', Mrs. Rafferty, this soshul whirl!"

TWILIGHT

TWILIGHT

CHARACTER:

MISS NELLIE, *a dressmaker of other days.*

SCENE—*The bare parlor of an old ladies' home, New Year's Day.*

In quavery pitch, the little old dressmaker speaks:

Ah, daughter, you remember an old friend! Not a New Year's visit you've missed for—can it be?—yes, 'tis fifteen years since the Fine Dressmaking sign in my window came down and I rolled up a frayed measure. There must be many splendid receptions, too, this day in the Mansions. Ah, well, do I remember, many years ago, one elegant visiting dress I made your handsome mother; tea color and pearl it was, with cherry sash and melon puffs—according to Godey, my dear. Godey always for style! The first, the only!

My black silks and gathered bombazines lasted ten years, allowing for turning several times. Sewing, daughter, was sewing those days; handmade eyelets; no peat eyes. I remember when Ebenezer

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Butterick cut his first paper pattern and the women folks was disappointed with the way Mrs. Lincoln was dressin'. Do you realize, my child the greatest question of the time? Slavery? No! Hoopskirts, dear, hoopskirts against crinoline! It swept the country. The women ranged themselves on either side, with Godey for arbiter.

I don't see Godey's Lady Book any more. The Fashion Journals (*looking about furtively*) here in the Home, when they sometimes come to us, daughter, are very queer and dog-eared with new-fangled French names on 'em. Gown-builders the profession is called now. And they tell of sewing schools for fashionable young ladies. (*Bringing her hands up high.*) Unheard of to the Miss of my day and your mother's!

In your mother's outfit, every stitch I put with my own fingers, daughter. Never was bride more lovely. How queenly she sat up in an elegant barouche, her little feet shod in shiny leather boots upon a foot-muff with embroidered lap-pets, in the claret colored polonaise I planned for her, trimmed with miniver.

TWILIGHT

How the young gentlemen on the Drive did stare! And then her wedding trip to Saratoga, much chronicled!

(*Wistfully.*) I was young myself those days, daughter, and dreamed of wedding journeys, too. (*Gayly.*) Indeed, would't surprise you if Miss Nellie were to take hers yet? (*Laughing mysteriously.*)

Daughter (*drawing closer*), I've told you of the suitor of my youth. (*With faraway look in eyes.*) Galahad lived in the house with the garden yonder from my father's in Richmond. He wore the first Prince Albert we had seen and such silky burnsides, my dear. The handsome Wilkes Booth very much he resembled. (*Softly.*) Our honeymoon was to take us on the steamer *Prairie Bell* down the Mississippi to New Orleans.

(*Wiping tears from eyes.*) Well, he's —there's news. Yes! He's come back, daughter, after all these years—here this morning, Galahad. He's Major Lee, now. You met an old man with white whiskers as you came in? Could that have been he? A large soft hat and very red nose? The Major a red nose? (*Gently.*) Ah, daughter, I did not observe it! His

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manner is still my Galahad's. Such chivalry! How grandly he ate my lunch! You do not understand his staying away all these years? And I toiling? Yes, I—I—(*embarrassed*) you see he married another. She's long dead, he tells me; and they never were happy. He says, "Nell, you always were (*shyly*) the Queen of Hearts."

His trade? The Major is in politics, my dear; yes, still lending his support to Mr. James G. Blaine. And when his ship comes in—he has never forgotten the plans of our youth for New Orleans by the Mississippi on the *Prairie Bell*.

(*Chagrined.*) And I was in my old alpaca instead of this crimson merino. Not even time to tie on a decent black silk apron! My basque bristled with pins. A dressmaker never feels right, daughter, unless she has a chest full of pins.

You have family news for me? Dear, dear, what can it be! Miss Laura? There'll be wedding bells for her come Valentine's Eve. To think, that little one! And I pinned the bridal veil upon her mother's head and her mother's mother. How the children do come on! It makes

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one feel almost old. (*She wipes her tears.*)

Your husband always says it was the pretty things Miss Nellie Higgins made for you that trapped him? (*Pleased.*) Such a splendid gentleman!

Ah, daughter, my fingers do love the touch of pretty things! I think sometimes 'tis that keeps me alive (*Feeling texture of visitor's skirt.*) So soft a silk! I always favored a blue. Godey recommends the darker shades for fast color and durability. A green? Is it, now? There! Law, if I'd a had on the colored glasses! Mrs. Minister Jones says the paper dolmans I cut for pastime smack of vain delight. Do you think all is vanity, daughter? Mrs. Minister Jones is the tall lady who peers over the staircase whenever you come. Rev. 'Lijah Jones, her husband, rode the Meth'dist circuit for fifty years until he died and now she gives his entire annuity to foreign missions. Only her bowl of goldfish, named for the Prophets, she brought with her to the Home. Mis' Jones leads us in hymn service—she's the deafest of the ladies—and says Mr. Godey's fashion prints smack of the Old

CITY TYPES

One. You don't think that, do you, daughter? The Old One? That brown front she wears, Victorian, is false. I saw it fall off with my own eyes the night Miss Millie found the tramp under her bed in her room below the cupola.

Ah, well do I remember as a girl my first head-dress. I was as your Laura is now, daughter. When Father kept the hotel in Richmond? The very time! I spent a winter embroidering all the pillow-shams and tidies. And with the sum Father gave me I went shopping, accompanied by Jerusha, my cousin from the North. A velvet harness we bought for a cambric bodice, a tiny, diamond-shaped hat with ribbons worn tip-tilted over the forehead and therefore I must needs be banged—the newest mode. Then the hair-dress mistress,—the only French lady in Richmond she was,—prevailed upon me to purchase a handful of chestnut curls to fall upon my neck, as was the coming fashion, in a waterfall. Much afraid to show my parents; Mother was pleased with the finery, gentle soul. Cousin 'Rusha dressed me up, curls and all, and

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down we tripped to Father. I was ever a child to him, even at sixteen.

"Take off that rig," he said.

Father could be severe. And the chestnut curls went in the fireplace, with the odor of their burning in my nostrils for many a day. The little gauntlet gloves I have yet.

My first fine dress was copied after Jenny Lind's with many, many ruffles and the wearer of it courtied to Nellie Grant in the White House. The President's daughter looked winsome in white tarleton with a wreath upon her chignon. My cousin Amelia from the North presented me. Very rich her family became in the War. She was the cousin, the first young lady in America to see the Suez Canal, and sat next the royal box of the Khedive in Egypt when "Aida" was first sung. Her letters were most gay. Ah (*sighing*), that is all a bygone time!

Must you go, daughter? They rang the gong? And here comes Miss Millie to fetch me. Visitors' hours are so soon over. Some of the ladies in the Home think they ring a bit ahead of time. Ah, daughter, what, is this for me? (*In de-*

CITY TYPES

light.) A warm pelisse. For wheeling in my chair chill afternoons? Yes, twice a week among the ladies comes my turn to go out. And the wind off the sands is very sharp for a worn Paisley. Pshaw, no shawl can hold a candle to such a fine pelisse! Now might I wear my cameos and no fear of tramps. The tramps, dear! Ah, we hear them prowling! They all know the old white house with the turrets by the sand dunes.

My good friend, you are too kind to old Miss Nellie. I can do nothing in return.

Miss Millie, in my room on the what-not in the basket you'll find a bit of handiwork. Could bring it here?

(Confidingly.) Daughter, if you're sending any jellies to the Home, put it into my hands, daughter, else we never see it. Miss Millie thrives on jelly so after her tea and graham bread for supper every night. They *(looking about furtively)* give us so little.

Miss Millie, thank you! Yes, I spoke about the jellies.

A mat of rags, shaped oval, from the pieces you brought, daughter! You can

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use it in your bathroom? 'Tis all I make now, but 'tis firm and even.

Goodbye, daughter! You next will come on Valentine Day? And please to present Miss Nellie's humble but affectionate compliments to the bonnie bride!

SAINT VALENTINE'S

MISS NELLIE *trips in sprightly*:

Ah, daughter, how is your sweet health? And the wedding? A lovely bride! You'll send me her picture as she looked? How I shall treasure that! And this a slice of bridal cake and the bride's own favor in satin box with a spray of orange bud. 'Tis the fragrance of springtime! What so wonderful as the cloudy bridal veil!

Daughter (*happily excited*), the Major spent the morning with us and fetched me this bouquet of paper pinks. The girls are so interested in my—my affair, daughter. They flock into my room each evening. Millie says never in the house has anything happened like it before. Poor Miss Millie, she's never had a lover.

You have something very serious to tell me, daughter? And I must not take

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offense but listen sensibly? About the Major? He's—he's a what? A (*shocked*) dead-beat? Ah, daughter, daughter! And I must pledge you my word not to give him any more of my little keep-sakes to pawn? But..... Your husband is looking him up? The Major has three times approached him for money, and he now refuses..... (*Troubled.*) Of course, of course! For drink? Ah, daughter, I have never observed the Major in his cups! True, he's very jolly with the old ladies and (*whispering*) once asked them here for a little stimulant to the heart. Bourbon was the word, I believe—in use on the *Prairie Bell*.

Will I promise not to see him until your husband looks into his record? He's been many years gone and I really don't know anything about him? (*Gently stubborn.*) True, but, daughter, *you* cannot remember Galahad in his youth, or you would forget the bygone years between. Did I give up something to him today? (*Reluctantly.*) Ye-us, daughter, but—what was it? (*Unhappily.*) The silver tea set from my mother's family. I—that is why my eyelids are red, daughter. I had planned

TWILIGHT

the silver tea set for Miss Laura's wedding gift. 'Twas my last treasure—except these cameos.

And her going-away costume all last night I thought it out. I would recommend a warm cashmere with kilt plaiting and fringe, and the bustle made of horse-hair with steel springs, always favored by Godey's traveling numbers for genteel tastes. Prunella is the color, daughter, though maroon is very nice. And (*expressing almost unbelief*) they didn't go to Saratoga? (*Gently disapproving.*) My! My! And it so gay and splendid!

Well do I remember my only trip to Philadelphia for the great Centennial Exposition. Magenta camel's hair cloth I wore ornamented with quillings. 'Twas much admired at promenade in Rittenhouse Square. Ah, what a summer! The large, noisy city of Philadelphia and the displays of Godey's modes! There was a strange, uncouth instrument there they called the telephone, and a queer fiery youth named Bell from Boston with a thick shock of hair demonstrating it. How the small boys and the vulgar laughed at him!

CITY TYPES

'Tis a bleak place here with the winds crumbling the white turrets and rattling the long, leaded panes. Hark! The creaking that you hear comes from the staircase winding up to the cupola. We do so fear the tramps. (*Laughing tremulously.*) Yes, they say this parlor always had these great white statues standing in the niches. Greek goddesses they are. It was old Mr. Madison's only indulgence when he starved his wife. Many a time Miss Millie has awakened from a nap and claimed she saw the goddesses moving about.

They say (*humorously*) there are too many women around here. That one's Venus, my dear, with the apple. The Major swears by her and (*coolly*) says I much resemble the Muse of Love.

(*Recollecting herself.*) Ah, no, daughter, I'll not forget! (*Regretfully.*) I'm not to be at home to him until you say. How chill it is in here! They save the coal, you see.

I'm wrinkled now and the sewing took the shine from out my eyes. A dress-maker's teeth don't hold out long, either;

TWILIGHT

not with holdin' pins between 'em and snippin' off of threads.

I hope you'll take my newest rag mat, dearie, and save it for the bride. 'Tis unusual pretty, sky blue with border rose. She is a rose and has eyes of blue. (*Pained.*) I had hoped to have the tea set—

(*Impulsively.*) I know Galahad will bring it back to me. (*Reluctantly.*) Ah, daughter, if you think best, I'll not be at home to him until your husband sends the word.

Do not forget, pray, that the old ladies will be observing our yearly frolic here at the Home, the Charades on April Fools' Night. Miss Millie and myself will act, also Mrs. Murphy, the stout lady with the dropsy and sciatica. Mrs. Minister Jones will not come and calls our plans light pleasure. The polka Miss Millie can dance and she plays *Champagne Charlie* on the harpischord as well. Millie was accomplished as a young lady. Sometimes she entertains with tunes in the evening. We dread the twilight so. I must keep cheerful until you come? Yes, yes,

CITY TYPES

the Major—Goodbye, daughter. God bless you!

APRIL FOOLS' NIGHT

The little old woman, propped up on a couch, with great effort gasps:

(*Weakly.*) Is it you, daughter? I need you. Do you know I have been hurt? You—feared it?

(*Pausing for breath.*) He wrote threats to—to your kind husband? (*Weakly.*) Shame!

(*Between gasps.*) How? How, you say daughter? It was twilight—all old ladies, servants at supper—below stairs. My cameos he wanted. I feared—feared, he reeled so. "I cannot, Galahad." Oath? Could not be Galahad—some terrible old man. Smell! A blow came on my head (*touching wound slowly*)—upstairs he dragged me, daughter, by the arm that is so hurt, the stairs to the cupola. My brooch and bracelet pin were torn away. It scratched my face. How long I lay there—must have moaned? Handkerchief in mouth? Oh!

That's why—that's why (*Swallowing hard and gasping*)—

Senseless? Knocked? Miss Millie

TWILIGHT

found me and thought Madison ghost.
Haunted cupola?

The Major—No Major? Deserter?
Old warrant out?

(Long Pause.)

Daughter, if you knew the youth—
don't let them harm him, pray. Old age
and poverty! Say Miss Nellie forgives.
Let him go, Galahad (*singing in un-*
earthly pipe) to New Orleans the Missis—

(Whispering in delirious vagary.) If
you bring jellies to the Home, daughter,
put them in my hands, or starve.

Charades once a year—until ten o'clock,
girls may stay up and frolic. Is it twi-
light yet? No, poor Millie never had a
lover.

(Starting up.) How cold it is! B-r-r
this frozen North!

(A long pause.)

The Prairie Bell! When does she go?

(Falling back.) So weak I am! Wea—
cold!

*(The little old dressmaker stiffens in
coma.)*

THE DRAMA

found me and thought I was
Haunted again!

The Man - He is a
Old warman!

(Long Pause)
Daughter, if you are

don't let them know
and poverty is

Let him go -
certainly you will

(Pause)
you know your father

put him away -
Came to me

girl - my daughter
light up! -

love -
The woman

The woman
The woman

The woman
The woman

The woman
The woman

The woman
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ELEVATING THE DRAMA

CHARACTER:

CHARLOTTA EDYTHA DELANEY, *student
at a School of Acting.*

SCENE—*An Illinois Central train.*

*Enter two young women festively
arrayed, holding opera glass
bags, programmes, and the usual
matinee impedimenta.*

CHARLOTTA EDYTHA DELANEY *speaks:*

Why, dearie, I never saw such a botch as her first entrance! She just slouched in and it was minutes before people recognized her and began to clap. And first entrances count for so much—primary impressions, Mr. Soakdubbe calls it—that means first entrance. Oh, yes, why you know the time I played Camille for Sothern when he visited the School, he said my first entrance was remarkable and something to be always remembered. Of course, I don't like to repeat things like that—people *might* think I was stuck on myself, but with you it's different. *You* know I am always just myself.

And did you notice the way she sat down? I suppose not. Of course, its

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CITY TYPES

when you're training for the profession—when one is on the inside, you might say—that you notice these things. But I watched her close and never once did she sink gracefully into a chair and rest languidly against the pillows like Soakdubbe says is the only way. What? She was impersonating a Russian peasant? But even so, an actress, and especially a star, should never forget she's a lady.

And her crosses were bad, oh awful! And she uses her hand that's towards the audience to gesture with. That's turrible—now—technique. Soakdubbe wouldn't stand for it.

Ya-ah, that gown with the sapphires was a love, wasn't it? I'm sure it's been advertised enough. But do you know, Sadie Cummings at the School who has a cousin playing stock in Seattle says her eyelashes are false. U-huh! Pasted on. Why, I should think in her pathetic scenes when she weeps they'd melt and fall off, wouldn't you? Oh, did you count 'em, eighty-two? Why, it looked like more than that, didn't it? They glittered so. Well, now, you know, a year ago I would have done just that very thing, counted the sapphires on the gown, but now I only

ELEVATING THE DRAMA

care to watch how they act the part. Of course, though, all girls must be butterflies for awhile; you'll get over it when you settle down to a career. It's temperament, my dear, temperament! Mr. Soak-dubbe says I have, oh, oodles of it! I always had a premonition of it. When I was a little girl, I was always the fairy in all the cantatas and then I just used to love to lock myself in the bath-room—it had double mirrors—and recite stuff I'd made up out of my own head; and muss my hair, and everything. I'd get so excited I couldn't eat for a long time afterwards. And I used to just love to go down to Grandma's farm because she'd make me recite Mabel, Little Mabel With Her Face Against the Window Pane. Don't you know that? Oh, it's grand! I'll do it for you sometime. Well, that's temperament and if you haven't got it you can almost look as if you have it if you wear your hat far down over your eyes and slinky, clinging clothes. Pa thinks it's expensive, but he says I'm so grand as Lady Teazle, it's worth anything. I'll tell you a duck of a play—that's Ritchlouw—all about a priest. There's some stunning lines in it, too, that they put in the

CITY TYPES

readers that the kiddies use: "The pen is mightier than the sty" is one of 'em.

Do you know the only thing I can't stand at the school is this Shakespeare that they give us! Oh, of course, Juliet is sweet! Everybody must play Juliet. Soakdubbe says I'm thrillin' in the poison scene. My, I feel it so! I just shiver when I'm doin' it. Mr. S. says that's the secret of my emotional powers—I have so-ul!

But now, there's a show called King Lear that just has us all queered. Cornelia, or Cordelia, whatever her name is, is the enginoo, and she certainly was the limit. When the old man was goin' to divide his kingdom to the daughter that loved him most—he had three at home—why, this Cordelia says she likes her dad like she likes salt. Ain't that rich? Salt, mind you? Wouldn't you think she'd have said bon-bons or squabs or pearl drops or at least somethin' that an up-to-date girl 'ud admire! None of that Cordy business for me. Lear—that's the heavy—was a nutty old party; he went lunatic. There's a swell chance for some dazzling gowns in the proud sisters' parts, though. Oh, a lot of our actors have played it!

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How's the Widow? Oh, indeed, the Widow is prosperous. Do you know, they say she spends four hours every day practicin' make up! No wonder she looks flossy when we give plays! Oh, do you think she's really good looking? Honest? Well, you've only seen her by gas light. Have I found out whether she's grass or sod? Oh, there's no use in asking that question about a woman with hair the color of hers. And she certainly is the most spiteful creature. I'm sure I can't help it if I do act well and move people, and she does her level best to get me shoved off on character parts. Then, you know, I told you how she carries on with Soakdubbe; it's simply scandalous, and he's got two grown sons. He played with Charlotte Cushman; oh, she was a big bug in her day—I found out that was before the Civil War—must have been kind of like (*name a prominent actress*) is now. He's forever talking about it, and if you want to make yourself solid with Soakdubbe, you've just got to get him goin' about that.

The Widow is just fooling? Don't you ever believe it! That woman has affinity written all over her. Well, you can ad-

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mire her if you like, but I'm a little particular. And she's every day of thirty-five.

Oh, I wanted to tell you—have another caramell! You'll promise never to tell a soul? Or breathe a word? Well, then, I answered two ads in the Sunday paper last week. U-huh! Oh, I had the most thrillin' time gettin' out of the house without Ma seein' me, because she'd want to know where I was goin'. Oh, yes, they're both as dead set against my goin' to dramatic school and havin' a ca-reer as ever. The other night Pa overheard me practicin', and he let off somethin' awful. I'll tell you all about it. Well, I slipped down the back-stairs and got out. I promised our hired girl my green silk drop skirt for not sayin' anything. The first place was on the ninth floor of the Star Theatre building. The man was a German, kind of middle-age-ish, and he made me a ringin' offer; said he knew I had the divine spark when he saw my hair; such a wonderful Titian shade! He wants me to play leads with this comp'ny in plays like *Dora Thorne* and *Lena Rivers* and those fat emotional chances, in Browne County, Indiana. I'm to deposit a thousand dol-

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lars with him, and my salary will be decided later. He's crazy to get me and says this will be merely a stepping-stone to my starring on Broadway. Ain't it grand? No, of course, Pa wouldn't advance me the money but there's Grandma's legacy that I got when I was eighteen.

Well, then I went to another place. The manager was a young fellow, awfully classy lookin' and he had grand manners. But say, he turned out a frost. I did the sleep-walkin' scene, too, but I don't think it made a hit with him, though he said, as a nightmare, it was certainly realistic. Honest, that fellow was the queerest fellow I ever met. What do you think he asked me? If I ever studied grammar! Grammar, mind you! I said no, I wanted to be an actress. He made a funny noise in his throat, and said good morning, and bowed me out. That man had the swellhead.

Have you been thinking about my nom de plume? I just can't make up my mind. I think Ethel's sweet, but if I took that, they'd think I was imitating—so many actresses have used it. Gwendolyn's awful classy, don't you think? And it

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sounds swell for emotional roles. Sure, I'm goin' to be an emotional actress—that's my forty.

Am I goin' to take the other offer? No, I've turned it down. I found out there aren't any railroads in Browne County, Indiana. And of course, Pa and Ma'd never let me go on the stage, anyhow. And then of course, there's George! Why, I'm not blushing; it's the heat of the car. Oh, is this our station?

MINNIE AT THE MOVIES

MINNIE AT THE MOVIES

CHARACTER:

MINNIE MURRAY, *an independent and emotional follower of the film drama.*

SCENE—*A neighborhood nickel theater.*

MINNIE MURRAY *charges down the aisle and expounds:*

Go on down in front, Tillie, and never mind raspin' about where that fly usher plants yu. Well, if there ain't that sassy bunch o' kids with Jimmie Casey from the flat below us amonopolizin' the front row!

(Seating herself) What's the name o' the reel that's on now? Oh, ya-ah, Elmer's Fall! Jimmie Casey, you turn right around and the very next time you holler "Archer Avenue *(or name local street of corresponding type)* Belle" at me when I'm leavin' for a dance, I'll report yu to the station.

(To Tillie.) Ain't it funny you never see any kids in real life like the children in the movin' pitchers? Look at them two little boys in sailor suits asingin' hymns on their mother's knees in the twilight. One of 'em is hung in the last act? Don't you get fresh and stuff me, Jimmie Casey,

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CITY TYPES

like the way you was tryin' last week to tell me them western injun and cowboy pitchers was taken in Evingston (*name local suburban town.*)

Whatyuthink Gus and me did Sunday, Tillie? We took in all the fi'cent theeyaters between (*two widely separated streets embracing neighborhood of Archer Avenue type.*) Honest! And the next mornin' when I shows up to work, the Boss says what's the matter with my eyes and before I got a chanct to answer that flip bookkeeper speaks up and says, "Who, Min? Oh, she's got the movin' pitcher squint!"

What's the name o' this fillum? The Drama Of The Dessert. Say, I wonder if A-rabs always wears white; the laundries must work overtime. Say, Til, how'dju like to wear a veil over your jaw like that there A-rab lady?—though there is some girls of my acquaintance that does need a gag for the mouth and no mistake, Ruby Clancy, fer instance. She's sore because I met Gus at her house and he's been just about livin' at our flat ever since. There's not a mornin' I gets to the office but what Ruby dislocates her neck alamp-in' my lef' hand. Gus is in a awful unusual

MINNIE AT THE MOVIES

business. He makes costumes for circuses and has always got his pockets full o' samples o' dazzling red and green. Gus says he ain't acomin' to the nickel show no more, 'cause he's gettin' knock-kneed from fallin' over the baby carriages out front.

I gotta yawn. These pitchers they got on now—a ancient ruined city it says—are turr'ble dry. The music is good, though; that's the Chicle Rag. But who wants to look at a pile o' old stones? My brother'n-law works in a quarry.

Here comes that swell baritone with all the diamonds, Tillie. Don't his vest glitter, though? I'm just crazy about the way he sings Red, Red, Roses. Ya-ah, he rolls his eyes sump'n grand in the chorus. (*Flustered.*) He's lookin' straight at us, Til. (*Nudging her.*) Ain't he, huh? Whatyu gettin' so embarrassed about?

That fellah at the snare drum works in a boiler factory daytimes. He has awful pow'rful arms; the man'ger o' the show is crazy about him because there's the elevated and the night freight and the river tugs has to be drowned out while the show is goin' on. I usta know the fella that played the coronet. He was a gen'lman—give me and Ma passes twict ever' evenin'.

CITY TYPES

That girl at the piano remin's me o' the new girl who's moved into the flat acrost the hall from us. She's turr'ble entertainin', Til. She's a waitress, u-huh, a waitress in a restaurant. And say, some o' the things she can tell about the way they cook in those swell places! Her advice to ever'body that's partic'lar is: "Cut out hash, don't think o' stew, and for heaven's sake never touch a chicken croquette. "No," she sez, "far better a cheese sandwich and a egg nog at home; you know what you're gettin."

This one is the big fillum that they've got them thrillin' blue and yellow pitchers of outside, the Horse Thief's Revenge. That's it. There's the hero-een with the long braid down her back. Ain't she sweet? The girl's brother is plottin' against the cowboy because he seen him stealin' the horse out of the coral. The cowboy—ain't he handsome in a dress suit? —is goin' for a ride up the mountain and I bechu anything the bonehead brother'ull waylay him. I seen him on his hands and feet around them rocks a minute ago. Look at the dagger, will yu! (*Covers face with hands.*) Did they stab him, Tillie? (*Muffled.*) Did they? Oh, I

MINNIE AT THE MOVIES

wisht I was home! Is they blood comin'?
(*Taking hands down from face.*)

Part II! She's goin' to him—the girl's goin' to him. Ain't you crazy about the way she fixes her hair? I'm goin' to try mine that way when I get home. Look at her horse goin' licketycut. Yu can hear the hoofbeats just as plain. Do yu think she'll get there in time? Say, Til, do yu? She does. Gee, I'm glad.

But it ain't all over yet. There comes that half-breed sneakin' out from those trees. He draws a gun. Look, Til, he's goin' to shoot. (*She covers her face with her hands.*) Gosh, I swallowed my gum! And the hero knocks the gun out o' the half-breed's hands. Then my gum went for nothin'.

(*Rising.*) That last reel just took ever'thing out of me. My forehead is wringin' wet. Ever'time I come to this nickel show I gotta be almost carried to the drug store across the street. The man there allus expects me now. I feel it so. Now, I just imagined I was that girl in *The Horse Thief's Revenge*. It's awful.

(*Starting for exit.*) I sez to Gus.....
at the movies.....(*exit*).

A PERFECT FIT

A PERFECT FIT

CHARACTER:

MRS. DOLLY DRESSER, *a tailor's nemesis.*

SCENE—*The ornate waiting room of the Bright Star Tailoring Company, packed with palms, the walls obliterated with fashion plates and college pennants.*

MRS. DOLLY DRESSER, *dashing in, wails:*

This is the Chamber of Horrors. This is the Bright Star Ladies' Tailors.

Ella, my dear friend! Are you my friend yet, Ella? You'll pardon this slight hysteria and I promise I didn't know it was one thirty o'clock this morning when I uprooted your household on the telephone. But you see it had just come. And, Ella, I had to have you meet me here to show it to you. Do you ask me what? (*Touching skirt she wears.*) This horrible thing—My Perfect Fit!

(*Impressively.*) Ella, behold before you the product of the Bright Star system, a nervous wreck, material for a sanitarium. (*With agitation.*) Here comes one intelligent face.

(*Beseechingly to person approaching.*) Please couldn't you take a fraction of a

CITY TYPES

moment to fix this kick in the back of my skirt? Did you ever see anything hang—You're the janitor? Oh, dear, again!

(Pacing up and down and gesturing nervously.) Do I remember that charming Mrs. Devere we met at the club exactly five weeks ago yesterday? You'll never forget her tailoring? Neither will I. She took me to tea and dinner and musical comedy afterwards, and called for me the next morning to be measured for *(bitterly)* "the ~~stunningest~~ suit of the season" at the Bright Star Tailors. I played fly and danced right into this spider's den. Mrs. Devere for forty minutes kept up this positively mesmerizing talk. The Bright Star's exclusive interpretation of the Paris message, their customers stretching from Havana to Seattle, secret models at openings that other tailors committed crime to view! And all the while the freckled bookkeeper—Do I hear her taking an order for a dozen suits from Mrs. Scott Stacy who's written up in all the society magazines with colored plates at Palm Beach and Blue Ridge Springs? She's had an order from her every day I've camped in this room. It's Mrs. First National Bank Altman on the

A PERFECT FIT

wire now? And she's just been talking to the wife of the new minister to Spain? That telephone hooked me completely the first morning. That bookkeeper has the makings of a great actress.

The charming person over there with pearl earrings, House of Lords accent and an air—look at the timid innocent she's yoking in now?—she showed me those satin-bound books of handpainted goddesses displaying Bright Star designs—and said, "You'll be wearing your suit in ten days' time, oh, easily!" Do you notice a strange resemblance to Mrs. Devere? She faded with my order, and I never saw her again, nor Mrs. Devere either. She is forced to leave town frequently on account of subpoenas, I heard a stitcher say.

(*Turning to bystander.*) You know her whole story? You have a case at law against the Bright Star, swindling and ruined health, and your husband won't stop short of the Supreme court? She and the Devere woman are sisters, and the Devere woman always works on the outside? You know a flat building on the drive with little box trees at the entrance and a Scotchman in livery that she bought

CITY TYPES

from commissions on spring serges alone last year?

(*Springing in front of an employe and with tears in her voice.*) I know we go to the same church. Couldn't you please get somebody, an apprentice or a button girl, at least, to take the kick out of the back of my skirt?

(*Grimly.*) The only one who's not rushed around here all day is the delivery boy.

(*Returning to ELLA.*) Listen to that bookkeeper! (*In mimicry.*) "Egbert, I can't go out to lunch; run and grab me a pickle sandwich and some cream puffs. The Mayor's daughter is pleadin' for us to give her time this afternoon. I don't know as we can."

Well, I stood in a two-by-four booth for three hours for my first fitting. Then Rachel tore my hair net to shreds pulling on a basted mess supposed to be a drop skirt. Rachel possesses appealing looks. That's why they hired her. The head fitter keeps a standing "ad" in the Sunday Blade for girls who cry easily. Then she coaches 'em; "Don't eat breakfast; so you'll look pale and thin. It's a good plan, too, to cough a lot when you're fit-

A PERFECT FIT

ting. If the garment is messed terrible bad, grab your chest and choke a while. Even if the skirt is a wreck, the customer is pretty safe to reserve the scolding for the management."

Ella, in my weeks of living here, I've met no one who ever had a peek at the management.

When Rachel started to turn up my hem, there was no gauger to do it with. She snivelled, "You remember the red-head twins belongin' to the lady from Wilmette that was playin' sword swallower with the pins when we come in? They musta taken it and they've gone home to Wilmette."

She crawled out to get another and came back shivering and whining, "We can't borrow a gauger for half an hour. My! I feel creepy. Fits is inherited in my family on the Weinstein side."

And positively, Ella, I was so frightened I got away from the girl as fast as I could. She guessed at the length with safety pins and now my skirt hangs like a dishrag. Yesterday morning, in desperation, to get somebody here to cut into this sag, I stepped into the elevator downstairs at a quarter before eight and

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bumped into this stunning, health-poster girl who looked strangely familiar. For the longest time I couldn't place her until—There she goes, sneaking through the door to the lining room! she sees me. That's Rachel on duty with worn shoes and a persecuted dress, also a hump on her back made from heavy winter wadding. That breezy maid in the elevator was Rachel off duty. The pallor on her face is tailor's chalk.

(*Excitedly, as though hailing a monarch at coronation.*) Here comes Ibrahim, head cutter,—the one with his shoulders and arms in the air. A woman with a squint is chasing him? At least one woman always is. It's no use to grab him. He doesn't speak English, not in working hours. They certainly are working hours at the Star.

(*Approaching newcomer.*) Oh, sir, I'm sure you must belong to the firm? Now, I ask you, would you allow your cook to appear in public with such a suit—You're a physician called up here to attend a case of prostration in one of the fitting booths?

There goes Stronsky with his ear trumpet. (*Despairingly.*) Stronsky! Stron-

A PERFECT FIT

sky, I say! Do you see this sleeve? Can you deny my arm looks as withered as a G. A. R.'s in it?

Did you hear him? (*Mimicing falsetto.*) "God help the hard of hearing in what for a business this is! I took your order the best I could hear it yet, lady." That ear trumpet would excuse murder.

They always send him in to the stout women, because his arms are so long he can measure even a forty-eight, instead of using the time of two fitters as they usually do with the extra wides. Stronsky has started a business of his own on the side and advertises as the Fat Ladies' First Friend, Open Nights. He tells me his family has been ladies' tailors for generations. Most of them died in the insane asylum, except his grandfather and one uncle. The grandfather hanged himself with a tape measure, and Uncle Jacob ate a package of pins. But Stronsky's son Job may break the family tradition. The Bright Star took him on as apprentice fitter—only the first day he told a millionaire customer from Oswego her hip was off and he couldn't cover it up. The management never let him in the door again.

What's that, Madame? You've moved

CITY TYPES

in from Gary (*or name of town about eighty miles distant*) to wait until your suit is finished? If you want a suit by Christmas, order it before Labor Day? Do I remember Benny? The talented office boy they promoted to head cutter? When a customer would refuse to submit to another fitter, Benny would be sent into the room as a last resort. I see. He wept wonderfully and would get the most desperate case to accept a botched garment on account of his widowed mother, an anæmic sister and he was going without supper to attend night school. Where is Benny, now? He's the highest salaried tragic Yiddish impersonator in vaudeville? And the Star got all these autographed pictures of actresses on the walls from him?

(*In sudden agitation.*) Oh, Ella, my heart! Here comes a saleswoman in the flesh. No, she's not the Queen of England. The Queen doesn't work here.

(*With extreme deference.*) Madam-oiselle, I'm sure you must be the head woman here—you certainly look it. Won't you have a little pity and see that this kick in the back of my skirt—You just came in to take this lady from Gary (*or*

A PERFECT FIT

substituted town) to her fitting and have fourteen waiting after her?

(*Darting to right and piteously.*) I'll pay you for your time if you'll just cut off this kick—.

She's the young lady that only sews on bone buttons.

(*Darting to left and clutching girl.*) Can't you give me—! You only sew on cloth buttons?

(*Diving backwards perilously.*) I'll present you with this elegant new gold coin purse if you—.

(*Moaning.*) They don't allow her to touch anything but buttonholes.

(*Wildly.*) *Gott Soll Helfen de Unmzldige!* That's Yiddish for "Heaven help the unfortunate!" For my coat I studied Yiddish. Hours I stood out in the designing room over the operators. They held out buttons and braid on me, too, I know, but I've carried home a half dozen shoulder hooks anyway.

Oh, Ella, my disposition is a wreck and I haven't a friend left. All the servants have quit. Why must women grow old over tailored suits? My relatives refuse to recognize me, and I'm perilously near

CITY TYPES

to losing my dear husband at any moment. I must telephone him this instant.

(*At telephone.*) Central 6480! No, 6480! Hello, hello, Mr. Dresser's office? Is he in? He's gone to dinner with—with whom? Rufus Darnell?

(*In terror to Ella.*) Did you hear that? He's dining with Rufus Darnell, Darnell, the best-known divorce lawyer in the country. I'm undone.

(*At telephone again.*) What did you say? Yes, this is Mrs. Dresser. Mr. Dresser has bought tickets for French Lick and he's going to take me there to the rest cure tomorrow? You've been calling the house all morning? Thank you. Goodbye!

(*Breathlessly.*) Is this man actually coming to speak to me? After fourteen weeks? I faint. Oh, you're Mr. Weisbrod? Vice-president of the Bright Star Company, incorporated, two stores? You have just made a discovery in your order-book? What was my number? 1066.

Do I hear a woman raving behind that partition? Yes, the racket is stopping people out in the hall. Did I see her chasing the order clerks around the room

A PERFECT FIT

with a pair of scissors and an eyelet stiletto?

Ella, he means that very fat person in the tight skirt—you guessed 220, you know, and dropsy. I remember the poor thing. She had her first fitting just before mine, in the same room. She's been coming here for fourteen weeks, too, then.

Something happened, you say, Mr. Weisbrod? Well, what? The orders got mixed. I should bear in mind extremely loose effects is stylish this season? That fat woman was fitted to my measurements, and I to hers?

(*Staggers in exhaustion.*) I've got it! Got it at last—mentally if not sartorially—A Perfect Fit!

THE GIRL TOURIST

THE GIRL TOURIST

CHARACTER:

MURIEL MILES, *enthusiast and conversational filibuster.*

SCENE—*Drawing room of Miss Polish's school, buttressed with "complete works de luxe," casts of Athena, Shakespeare, Jane Austen, Hannibal, Apollo, Martha Washington, Luther, Hawthorne, Gladstone, etcetera.*

MURIEL carries the burden:

Oh, Mr. Poler, it's perfectly splendid to see you! Papa wrote you had returned to this country after years in the arctic circle and would come up to Miss Polish's (*Giggling.*) The last time we met a negro mammy was trying to hold me inside a perambulator? (*Importantly.*) I'm a senior, now, to graduate in June. Last year the girls had (*sighing*) the most wonderful flowers! You'll stay here 'till June for sure, won't you, Mr. Poler?

Travel is so instructive. I do hope you'll tell me all your experiences. I've got to recite on them in class tomorrow. Seeing the Panama Canal is a wonderful experience. And even a fat man looks

CITY TYPES

romantic against those palms down there. No-o-o, Miss Polish hasn't any conservatory to rehearse in. But (*hurriedly*) I didn't *say* you were so very fat. Panama hats are so becoming to the tourists. Lots of people have gone up to the Island of Panama just to be sure of getting a genuine Panama hat, when hatters have swindled them time after time on weaves. While there, some of them would take a look at the Canal. The Gatun (*hesitating over the blasphemy*) Dam was interesting. There are so many of those (*hesitating again*) Dams. I always thought the French went in to be tenors and dress-makers and waiters, but they dug the—the Dam, and spent millions on the most foolish material. When we Americans went to war with France and won the Canal, we found a storehouse of snow shovels. Do you see the joke? It never snows in Africa, where the Canal is! (*Giggles profusely.*) But Panama has many interests besides the dates and cocoanuts. It abounds in the highest type of young American engineer.

Travel is so instructive. In Jamaica I saw this huge colored woman balancing a great basket of pineapples on her head.

THE GIRL TOURIST

Mme. DeLaPuff, the First Aid to Beauty, in the Morning Kick, told a girl named Pansy Dell who wrote in to her that she could develop a carriage like the goddess Il Cremo. Pansy Dell was to manicure her nails, practice new dance steps, and do other morning tasks with oranges and tangerines tied loosely in a cloth on her head. So I packed a wicker tray with the breakfast grapefruit and learned to juggle it without disturbing the cherry or even rattling the ice. But Maggie, our cook at home, refused to let me try it on the eggs.

Of course, you've had to use Jamaica ginger. The little picaninnies sing rag-time as they dig cocoanuts and bananas out of the ground. Cigars grow in those countries, too.

Around there some place the Laplanders live. We girls expected you'd come in furs like the Laps, Mr. Poler. They're awfully dirty people who ride horseback on reindeers. A young Laplander can't marry unless he owns so many reindeers. Freddy Freemont who was up to call last night said, "Look here! If you're counting reindeers, I'll turn in my new Chalmers and start collecting right

CITY TYPES

away." (*With giggles and blushes.*)
Isn't Freddy awful!

In the Fiji Islands you find the inhabitants living under umbrella trees and they have the weirdest hair. Also, they wear bracelets in their noses. It may not be a polite subject, but how can those Fijish blow their noses?

We enjoyed Porto Rico so much and saw the tomb of Ponce de Leon in the Cathedral there. He was some expensive perfume manufacturer.

Don't mind that scuffling in the hall, Mr. Poler. It's the girls peeking. They thought (*implying deep disappointment*) you're so famous, you'd have to be distinguished looking.

To go back to Africa, we enjoyed Chile so much. Even the laundresses wear real lace mantillas bound around their heads like toothache bandages. Peking is the capital. It's full of rats. Confucius is the king. Lima is a fine city. It was named after the beans and the people are great skaters down there. And Brazil! The Maxixe made it famous, also the nuts! The very first thing you smell as you go into Rio de Janeiro harbor is coffee. They manufacture all the coffee in the world

THE GIRL TOURIST

there. It's one of the largest Latin cities in the world. Even the bootblacks speak Latin. The men have the most wonderful teeth and plenty of time.

There's nothing like knowing how to shop when you travel. Don't ever look at drawnwork until you cross the Dardanelles to Manila. The Hottentots guide the tourists through the streets. They're called head hunters, although I can't understand yet whose heads they were hunting. They are so easy with their knives; they ought to make splendid American barbers.

Then let us hurry on to London. How I love the walk Under the Lindens to the Arch of Conquest in London! It was put up so that Napoleon or Cæsar and those other early Kings would look jaunty coming through on horseback. Horseback really is much more picturesque than a limousine anyhow. Cousin Sarah—you know Cousin Sarah has been a missionary to Kansas City for years—Cousin Sarah and I thought it would be fun to hire horses, very old and safe ones, and ride through the Arch some morning while London was still asleep, just to see how Napoleon or Cæsar, whichever it was,

CITY TYPES

felt. England is like miles and miles of Central (*substitute Lincoln or other local name*) Park. One never speaks of the ocean there; you must always call it the sea, and Westminster Abbey has a great many ministers.

(*Giggling.*) I really must stop that noise in the hall. Pardon! It's only the physiography class and Miss Pointer who conducts it. They wanted to make sure that the polar temperature had turned your face leathery.

Where were we? Oh, just coming into Japan! All Madame Butterfly sashes and the Japanese girls never take down their hair! It's such a place for kimonos and the people worship a Kewpie. Polly Parelle here in school has the most glorious pair of jade earrings. Her great aunt sent them to her from Japan. In our Greek play we're getting up for Washington's Birthday, Polly has the part of a galley slave, and steals out in a wig and clanking chains, but Miss Polish won't hear of her wearing the Japanese jade earrings. So Polly means to get herself expelled for smoking.

At night Tokio looks like a large church garden party. The real cherry blossoms,

THE GIRL TOURIST

of course, are very fine. But I've made some just as good out of shaving paper. Japan buys more tea from England than from all the world. Everybody knows that five o'clock tea originated in London.

Can you spell Afghanistan? Just think of those afghans you buy at church bazaars for your elderly aunts to put around their shoulders Christmas.

Are you acquainted in Norway? It's where all the hired girls come from, and a great many sardines. Madrid is the capital. Norway is famous for its jungles.

(Jumping up.)

What was that awful noise? And the smoke? *(Giggling.)* Oh, Mr. Poler, you'll have to be patient a minute longer. Some of the Camera Club took a flashlight from the stairs. The smoke will clear away pretty soon.

(Reciting glibly again.) Honolulu and Tasmania are very much changed since the United States took them away from the Indians. Kangaroos run all over the streets, and the bush originated there. Also, all fashionable people tour those countries in the bad weather months.

CITY TYPES

The Midnight Sun is the big attraction there.

Then let us board the Trans-Siberian railroad for France and go promenading down the circuses of Paris! Do you understand that in Paris circuses aren't sawdust places with elephants and clowns? It means a street. Did I see Paris green? Oh, Mr. Poler, aren't you killing? I want you to write that in my Memory Book.

(Intoning like a professional guide.) Who does not love Ireland? If ever there was a land pre-eminently lovable it is that emerald division of the British Empire from which come so many of Uncle Sam's most eminent politicians. Ireland is especially rich in courtesy and kindliness.

Now, of course, Maggie, our Irish cook at home, isn't like that. She's very bold. We can't let her answer the telephone. Still Maggie is typically Irish. Her name gives her away. It's Schultz.

(Sighing.) There's so much of the world for me to see! Do you cough like that often, Mr. Poler? But in June at graduation I know I'll get a gold pin in a white satin box. Every graduate is awarded a handsome prize for something. The girls say mine will be for good dress-

THE GIRL TOURIST

ing. Then I'll be freed, and I intend to—. Guess what I'll do! You can't? You give up?

I shall *travel*!

Why, Mr. Poler, you're strangling! What is it? A bone in your throat? What do I mean, travel? You're all purple and cheese color. I'll ring for our botany teacher. She's an osteopath or a mesmerist or something. You're not in pain? Merely overcome by the way I juggle the globe?

You've been touring only twenty-five years; so will I write your new book, "Every Acre of the World"?

Oh, you see, Mr. Poler, mine is only Cinderella traveling. I've never been any place farther than Albany, really.

But for five years I've gone to every one of the Burton Holmes lectures.

AN "A ONE" TRIMMER

AN "A ONE" TRIMMER

CHARACTER:

GERTIE GASSE, *a milliner.*

SCENE—*Any Maison de Chapeaux.*

GERTIE GASSE *advises:*

'Mornin', Miss McNulty! Yu don't need to strangle your alarm clock gettin' here, so long as the Empress is out o' town. Us girls, Miss Kelly the maker, and me, call our boss the Empress; you'll soon see why. She must be buyin' up some swell models stayin' away so long.

I showed yu the stock yes'erday, girlye, so's you're goin' to sell, you'll just have to wait around till the dames string in. But if your fingers is used to the needle, yu might be tackin' in some linin's.

Now for some tips o' the trade! Alwus get a customer to order a hat made if yu can; there's more in it—yu can alwus get to use more velvet and excite her up to a couple plumes additional and make her see she can't live without a \$10 umported rose catchin' up the brim. Pile it up on the order hats! Towards the end of season yu gotta clear out the made up stock acourse.

CITY TYPES

Somebody comin' in? (*Appraising the customer.*) She's a soft one; doesn't know what she wants; get on to the street cleanin' way her skirt drags. Watch me unload that green felt sticker we've been dustin' for two seasons.

(*To customer, in extremely engaging manner.*) Good morning! A pleasure to show you! We have such an assortment of new and varied models it becomes a mere question of selection. (*Brings out a hat.*) Something new in a velour? Ah, Madame, can stand severer lines! (*Tries another hat.*) Entirely too middle aged! The canshur of your face demands an unusual hat—somethin' different. You should wear green, the color injicatin' intense temp'rament. Let me mentally run over our line of green! Here's a hat we've been holding for the right person. The very thing! One of the new French felts—no other shop is displayin' them; we received inside information from Paris a season ahead of time and at once cabled our Paris buyer. Plain? Oh, no, except with the simp'lic'ty of a classic (*in obvious imitation of the Empress' manner throughout*), elegantly finished, richly combined materials, superior workmanship, very se-

AN "A ONE" TRIMMER

lect! No, *Ma'am*, it's a *made* hat. Veils be-u-tifully! Expensive? (*Rolling eyes.*) My aunt! Why, *Madame*, I paid \$21 for my hat and I'm only a working girl. (*Takes money.*) Even, yes! Good morning! You will have every reason to be pleased with your choice.

(*To new girl.*) Whatdoyu know about that? The Empress said to let that green felt relic go for 6 to get rid of it, and I squeezed 18 for it—to a woman with liver trouble at that.

Howdodo, Mr. Brownley! Mrs. Brownley be comin' in soon? Today? And you want us to fit her up with somethin' quiet as possible? She picked a turbly loud hat at Atlantic City this summer? Well, I'll sell her somethin' on the order of this toque with strings that'll guarantee to be perfectly in the pitcher at an Old Settlers' picnic. Don't mention it. Alwus pleased to accomodate yu!

(*To new girl.*) That man's wife—yu oughta see her! She musta heard Lincoln's Call for Volunteers but she's crazy for the youngest, show girl lids we got. It kinda queers him with his friends; he comes in ever' season and hands the Empress and me each a fiver for not sellin' her

CITY TYPES

somethin' foolish and we pad the bill besides.

I was talkin' to Mr. Bacon, our salesman, at the Wholesale yes'erday. He was cheerless all right; put in a day showin' the stock to a lot o' deadheads who knocked the line and finally bought a dollar's worth o' findings. Oh, sure, I'm crazy about our Ohio salesman—he alwus gives a lady a swell time—dinners that ya hafta take tablets after till next pay day—but I've got it in for that head saleslady in the pattern hat department at the Wholesale. Just because I fitted out my cousin's family of ten girls at trade prices and wasn't buyin' nothin' else, she writ a letter to m' employer.

Say, Miss Kelly, ju ever know a girl was trimmer here two seasons ago married a foreign buyer? Yah! I seen him at the Wholesale once; awful distinguished; wore pale gray clothes and a diff'runt flower in his buttonhole ever' day. Yu think yu'll stick to the job? Oh, well, lemme tell yu, it takes a whole lot to hook a foreign buyer. Nothin' pers'nal intended, acourse! Us girls chipped together and bought her a perculator and a creamer and sugarry to match with her

AN "A ONE" TRIMMER

enishels twicet on ever' piece. My aunt, it was swell!

Saturday'll be a turble rush. Well, I'm not goin' to trim more'n thirty hats if it is. Will I ever forget last Easter? I lost twelve pounds in one week, and the Boss and her husband carried me home at three in the mornin'. I trimmed forty-two hats that day and hadn't stopped to eat since breakfast the day before. That telephone almost driv us wild, screamin' all the time up to midnight. I'll never forget one woman. She had to have her hat at six o'clock that evenin', Saturday. We'd promised it Thursday, but they was eighty-two orders before it. We put her off and put her off. Four o'clock Saturday afternoon she sent her old father down. I hadn't looked at the order for the lid yet. The Boss told her the feather she picked out had been damaged and the only other one like it was bein' held up in customs, that our messenger was across in Jersey at the dock and had just phoned she'd be at the store in twenty minutes. At five, the woman's chauffeur came; she had worked herself into a sick headache and a osteopath had been called in. I had to give up needle and thread and was

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pastin' on the trimmin' by this time. At five-thirty, her husband comes runnin' up, sayin' she was in hysterics. At six—my aunt!—herself dashes in and made a awful scene, with the Boss callin' the U. S. Gov. over the phone while I begins to trim that hat, wraps up a quill I'd bought in job lot on lower Broadway and sends Sadie, the little deliv'ry girl, out the back door with it. She runs around the block and in at the front door where the Boss grabs the wrapped-up quill—just out of customs, Madame. Then she hands Sadie a yard wide call down with the nap up, as the lady quits carryin' on and is real impressed. The Boss explains that she might, as most milliners woulda, substituted a domestic feather and avoided all the trouble but such deception was against her principles. In exactly twelve minutes after I pushes Sadie out the back, I lines the hat with four stitches and sends it in.

Sadie grew up at sixteen to be a grand little seller. At a certain minute she'd always say, "Madame, you was born for that hat!" and it alwus hooked 'em. What was it that straw shape salesman that writ po'try as a side line used to call Sade?

AN "A ONE" TRIMMER

Oh, yes! He said she was, now, Junoesque. Maybe she was, I dunno. Anyhow, ever' time a timid looking woman'd come in, Sade'd kinda, now, bear down on her and stick her pencil right under her nose asayin', "Sumthin?"—like a command, yu know. Sade, when she did that, was rusistless. Then one o' her fav'rite expressions was "*Won-druful!*"

That girl had a reg'lar nose for trade. She alwus called on the sick people to get orders for mournin' hats. Her las' name was Goldberg and it was her boast that no customer had ever got out of her hands alive without at least plumpin' down a cash deposit. Honest, that girl coulda sold pills to a Christian Science! If the woman was a flintface, she'd carry on hysterically and cry, "I'd like for to see you have that hat! I *wish* you could have that hat! I'll die if you don't have that hat!" and Sade would begin gnawin' of her fingernails somethin' frightful.

And when it rained, she'd say, "Don't ever lend an umbrella to a customer. Let 'em get good and soaked and we sell another hat." She owns Brooklyn prop'ty now and has a set of ermine furs for shows.

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That milliner we was with—she called her place Rae's shop—was the craziest about French labels I ever worked for. She'd throw the "Made in Paris" bluff for even her Panamas. It got me in bad, too. She went to a French hairdresser in the next block and had him write down a lot o' French names; Julie and Hyacinthe and Celeste was some of them. Then she had tags made up from them names. Well, a lady bought a hat that the Boss had pinned one o' the French tags in—they'd just come in and was still in the envelope. The hat was to be delivered. She'd no sooner got around the corner when another dame shows up and can't live without that hat, and what gets the Boss—was willin' to give ten more. So it was me to get busy on a copy for the first party in cotton velvet this one, because it was sold and paid for, and a half yard less in the lace facin'. Come to look for the umport label, which was what the dame was pinin' for, the envelope was not to be found. So the creation had to be sent up without. Then we all clubbed brains. Rae called the dame up, explainin' that the customs spies had been bother'n us and we had to pertend all our

AN "A ONE" TRIMMER

Paris goods was domestic for a while in order to sell them at such ridiculous low prices. Madame would understand. It was a holeproof yarn and woulda worked smooth if the dame hadn't found sewed up in the beehive crown, where I'd dropped 'em, the bunch o' fake Hyacinthe and Julie and Celeste labels with a receipt from old Rosenstein on Sixth Avenue for printin' 'em for us.

She was a tyrant, too. I was under contract for fifteen weeks and at the end of ten she let me out because I was trimmin' eighteen hats a day and she expected thirty. I sued her and we went into court. I got up and told the judge my hats was works of art and, now—what was those words the lawyer learned me?—materialistic interpretations of original ideas—that was it! But what do you think Rae had the nerve to tell the court?

"Her hats are bum," she says, "and she puts a bunch of ribbon where you can't see it and when she uses two plumes on the hat, the customer thinks it's only one plume."

Then all of a sudden I sees that the judge used to be the young man that boarded with my Aunt Annie a long time

CITY TYPES

ago when I wasn't much more'n a kid. He worked as fumigator for the Board o' Health days and was a law student nights then and Aunt Annie, she used to make his shirts and press his pants Sundays.

He remembered me and I got my judgment pretty quick.

But I'm crazy about hats. I trim 'em in my sleep. My sister Mayme says she gets headache hearin' about the mill'nery business. But, honest, Mayme's the queerest girl; she never wants to wear anyone else's clothes. Say, there was a girl that worked upstairs in Stein's when I was trimmin' for Strauss. Yes, I stayed a long time with Strauss. You see they was crazy to hold onto me, because I was keepin' comp'ny with a chauffeur—that was when chauffeurs wasn't as common as now—and it looked like swell trade at Strauss' when his machine was standin' outside. Well, I started to tell about that girl upstairs in Stein's. She had a reg'lar habit of borrowin' other people's clothes and wearin' 'em out to lunch with her gen'lmen fren's. We didn't see nothin' of her for a couple of days and she had Dell Crosby's boa and my chain bag and Amelia's pearl ear drops that she give a

AN "A ONE" TRIMMER

half a dollar for. Finally we telephoned up to Stein's and that girl had left without no home address. Nothin' was heard for months, till one day I comes upon her in the waitin' room at the Wholesale writin' a letter at one of the desks. I went right up to her and says, "Miss, where's my belongings?" The boa was wore out and the pearl earrin's was discolored,— "Oh," I sez, "you Milwaukee Avenue cotton velvet, you," but I got mu purse.

But that woman had the cutest pug dog that was trained to hold pins in his mouth and bark at salesmen. She named it Lily Langtry.

Say, Miss McNulty, come on and watch me try on this made white chiffon pattern hat. I've been hankerin' after one, but I don't have time to copy it while Jim takes all my evenin's, Sundays included.

(Carefully lifting hat to head and posing impressively.) Some class, what? Yu say yu are crazy about me in it? My aunt! That's gratifying! If yu knew how hard it is for a young lady with yellow eyelashes, even if she is An "A One" Trimmer, to get a becomin' lid—

Say, girls, would yu wear it to the rink tonight, seein' the Empress is away, if yu

CITY TYPES

was me? Would yu? I've been goin' with Jim for four years now and things might as well be settled if they're ever gonna be. That hat'll clinch it.

(Suddenly standing still and whistling slowly.) S-a-y! Girls, quick! Glimpse the costewme comin' down the street and the mill'nery on top, one o' them stylish careless kind that looks like it'd been baked. The model in the newest book under Predickshuns for Next Season.

But, say, my aunt! Ain't they some-thin' familiar about that bag?

(In panic.) Kelly, Miss McNulty, slide this lid back in the case! It's the Empress. I didn't have nightmare last night for nothin', then. Just like her to come in two days ahead of time, thinkin' she might catch somebody loafin'! Stick them cards and novels away, girls! If I was born that suspishus—

Kelly, hustle to the workroom and fill your mouth with pins. Miss McNulty, kill yourself dustin' the stock!

(As door opens she looks up with air of being interrupted in midst of great business. Quickly she beams and advances gushingly.) Why, Madame, this is such a sweet surprise!

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